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- *Plight of Pilgrims in Mysteries of Mallipuram*
- *K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar recalls his favourite story*
- *Are there giants in the Himalayas?—a look in Unsolved Mysteries*
- *Dawn of Mughal Dynasty in Story of India*
- *The Mortal who married a Nymph— a Legend of India*
- *God's pleasure and the King's orders in Arabian Nights*

AND MORE



Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications), 188 Arcot Road, Madras 600 026 (India)

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CHANDAMAMA

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI



NEW YEAR OFFERS FROM CHANDAMAMA

We wish you a happy and progressive New Year!

Chandamama invites its young readers to take part in two new regular monthly contests. One will stimulate their zeal for creative writing. The other will be an exercise in general knowledge. Your magazine will be happy to send a reward of Rs. 50.00 each for those who score the highest marks in the two fields. One is eligible to participate in any or both the contests if one solemnly declares that the answers are outcomes of one's own effort. Entries for this month should reach the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road, Madras 600 026 on or before 15 January.

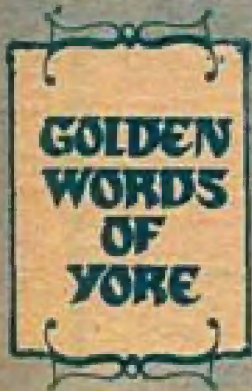
CONTEST A

Write an essay of 300-400 words on MY DREAM OF FUTURE INDIA

CONTEST B

Who are the authors of the following popular sayings?

(1) Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise. (2) Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue. (3) If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed. (4) Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend. (5) Man is a social animal.



माने तपसि शौर्ये वा विज्ञाने विनये नये ।
विस्मयो नहि कर्तव्यो नानारत्ना वसुन्धरा ॥

*Māne tapasi śaurye vā vijñāne vinaye naye
Vismayo nahi kartavyo nānāratnā vasundharā*

We need not marvel at the examples of honour, talent, heroism, knowledge or humility, for the world abounds in such gems of excellent examples.

— *Samayochita Padyamalika*

NEWS - FLASH

Sea-Adventure of Our Time

Jon Sanders of Australia became the first man to double-circumnavigate the world non-stop and alone. With his 10.36 metre sloop (light boat) he covered 80,00,000 nautical miles and was in the sea for 14 months.



The English— Educated Pigeons!

Pigeons trained by a psychologist of the Brown University, U.S.A., can distinguish English alphabet and sort out letters.



World's Youngest Water-Skier

Parks Bonifay of Florida became the World's Youngest Water-Skier when at the age of six months and 29 days he skied for 30 metres.



HOW THE WORLD BEGAN

— Dr. Mulk Raj Anand

"This was an early favourite of mine when my mother used to tell me stories," the author informs us. As this amusing tale implies, God must have first created India and Iran and a few places in between, but not enough to be called a world. So let us see how the big world we know today began..

*Dr Mulk Raj Anand, born in 1905 at Peshawar (now in Pakistan), is the doyen of Indian writing in English. **Coolie** and **Two Leaves and A Bud** are among his famous works. He is also a renowned art critic.*

Once upon a time, there lived a mighty wrestler in Iran. One day some one who had travelled to India told him that there was a wrestler in Hindustan mightier than he. The Persian wrestler's pride was hurt. He, at once, decided to go and challenge the Indian. So he went to the bazaar. And buying a hundred thousand maunds of wheat flour, put in a bundle on his head and set off.

By evening he had reached the edge of a lake on the borders of Hindustan. He was feeling hungry and thirsty. So he knelt beside the lake and, putting his mouth to it, half emptied it of water with one gulp. From the rest he made a porridge by emptying some of his flour. With this he satisfied his hunger. Then he fell asleep.

Now, an elephant used to come to drink at the lake every

morning. When he came at dawn the next day, he found the lake empty. "What shall I do?" he asked himself, "There is no water to be found for a thousand miles anywhere!" He was going away disappointed when he saw the wrestler sleeping comfortably on the edge of the lake. He knew at once from the proportions of the wrestler's body that he had drunk all the water. So he rushed angrily and trampled upon the man's head. But the wrestler only turned on his side and said: "Not so gently. My headache won't be cured by such soft pats on the head. If you want to press my head, press it more vigorously."

The elephant stood back angry when he saw that his stamping had not hurt the wrestler. Then he thought: "I will teach this brute a lesson." But the wrestler was now getting up

to continue his journey. He caught hold of the elephant by the waist. And, wrapping him in his blanket, he swung him over his shoulder and started off for India.

A few strides and he reached the house of his rival. He shouted for him: "Come out, O you, Rustum of Hind, come and give me a fall!"

"He is not at home," answered the Indian wrestler's wife, shyly. "He has gone to fetch some fuel from the jungle."

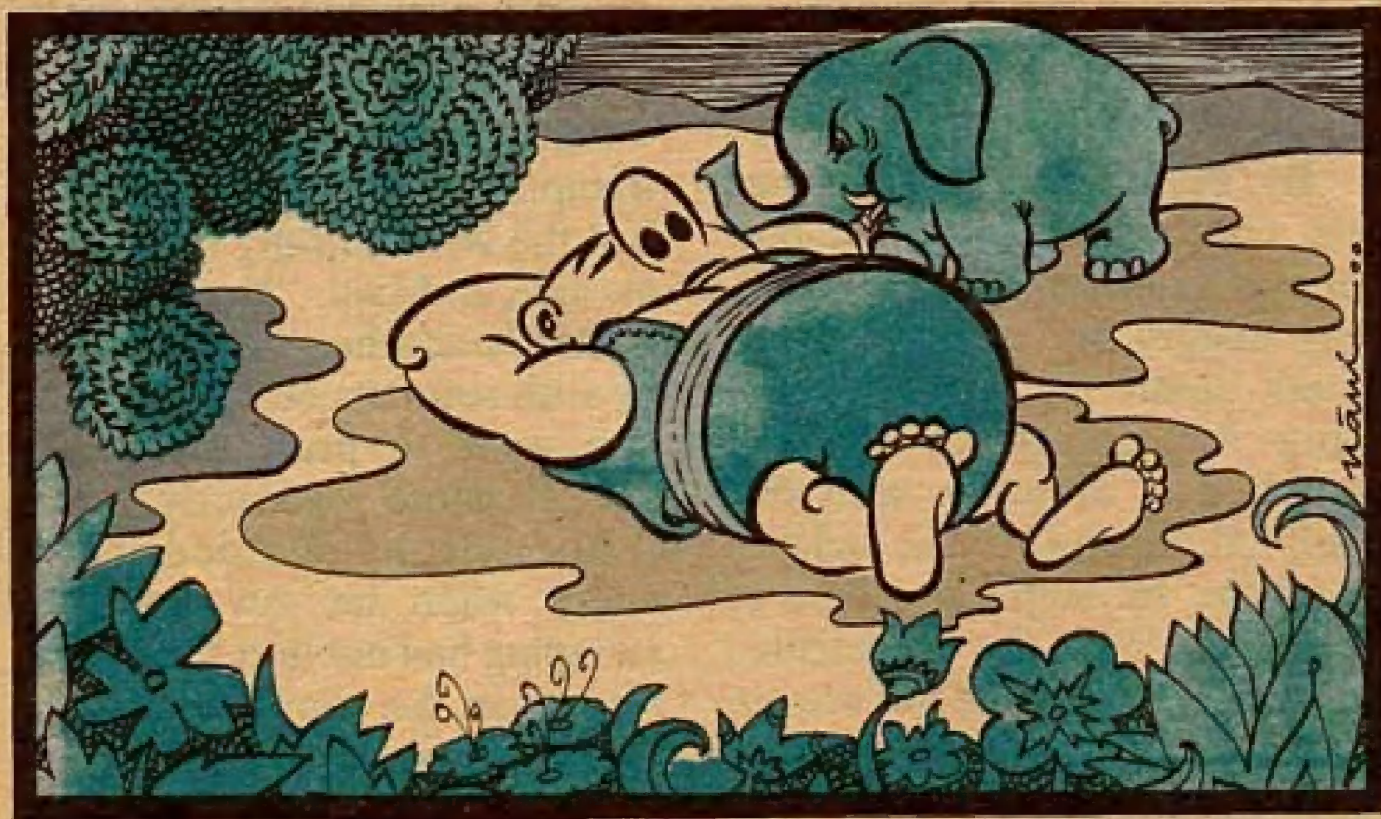
"All right, I will call back again. But please accept this present I have brought for him," And he threw the bundle con-

taining the elephant over the wall of the mud-house into the courtyard.

"Oh mother, mother, look, this rival of your son has thrown a rat into our house!" exclaimed the Indian wrestler's wife.

"Never mind, child," came the voice of her mother-in-law. "Never you mind. My son will teach him better manners soon. Just put a trap and catch the rat. We will throw it away."

The Persian wrestler heard all this and thought: "Well, if the huge body of an elephant appears like a rat to the Indian wrestler's wife, what will I look like to the wrestler?" But he mustered up courage and went



in search of his rival in the jungle. He had only taken a few steps when he saw the Indian wrestler coming home with a thousand cart-loads of fuel on his head. "Here's a worthy match, indeed," thought the Persian wrestler and said. "I have heard of your fame and I have come from Iran to fight you, friend!"

"Welcome, with all my heart," replied the Indian wrestler. "I will give you a fight. But let us do it in the city amphitheatre before an audience. What is the fun of fighting without applause?"

"But I am in a hurry to get back," said the Persian. "So come, let us have done with it here and now. As for the audience, look, there is an old woman toddling along. I will go and ask her to come and watch." Saying this, he shouted: "O mother! O mother! stop and watch our contest!"

"I can't, my son, I can't," replied the lady, "for my daughter has stolen my camels and I am running to catch her. But if you like to come and wrestle on the palms of my hands, I shall be willing to judge the match as I go along."

The wrestlers jumped on to



the palm of the old woman's right hand and came to grips, while she sped along over hills and dales.

When the old woman's daughter saw her in the distance, with two hefty wrestlers struggling to throw each other on her hand, she was frightened. She thought they were the soldiers her mother had brought to catch her. But when she saw that they were only two wrestlers, she caught hold of both her mother and the wrestlers. Tying them with the hundred and sixty camels she was driving, all in a bundle, and putting the package on her head, she set off.

One of the camels, however, was hungry. Putting his head out of the bundle he began to make noise. The old woman's daughter just plucked a tree or two and thrust the wood for fodder into his mouth.

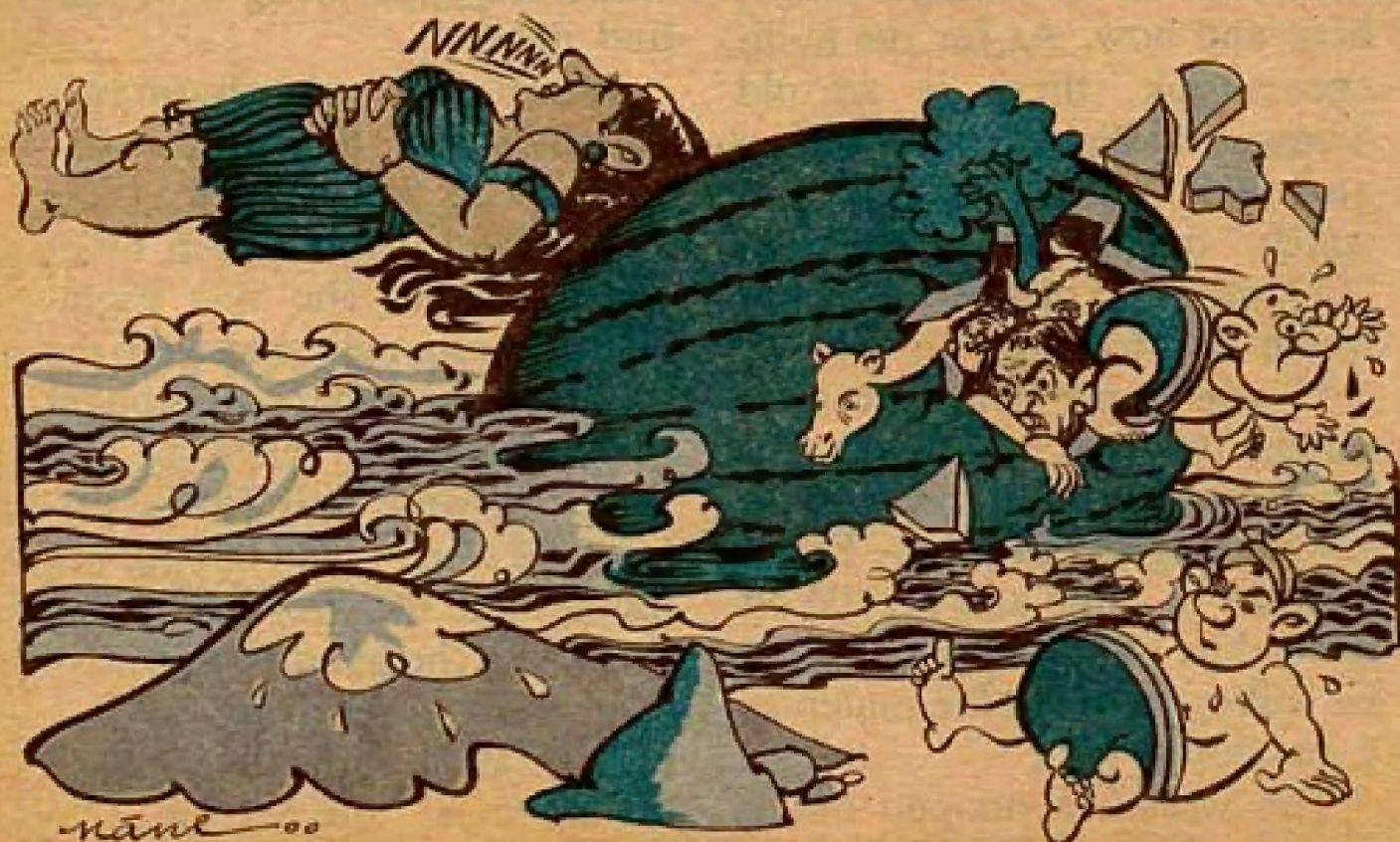
Upon this the farmer who owned the field raised an alarm, shouting: "Thief, thief, stop the thief!"

The girl did not like this disturbance. So she bundled the farmer, his field, his ox, his horse and his plough, all in the blanket, and ran. Soon she reached a town and felt hungry. So she picked up a baker's shop and all the town too, in her bundle and made off.

At last, she came to a field where there was a big watermelon growing. As she was feeling thirsty, she broke it into two and ate the marrow. Then she put her bundle into the rind and, pillowing it under her head, fell asleep.

A big flood arose while she lay asleep and carried off the melon till it floated to the edge of the sea. The top rind fell off. Out walked the old woman, the wrestlers, the camels, the trees, the farmer, the oxen, the horse, the plough, the baker and all the other things.

And that was how the world began.



STORY OF

Krishna

Manoj Das

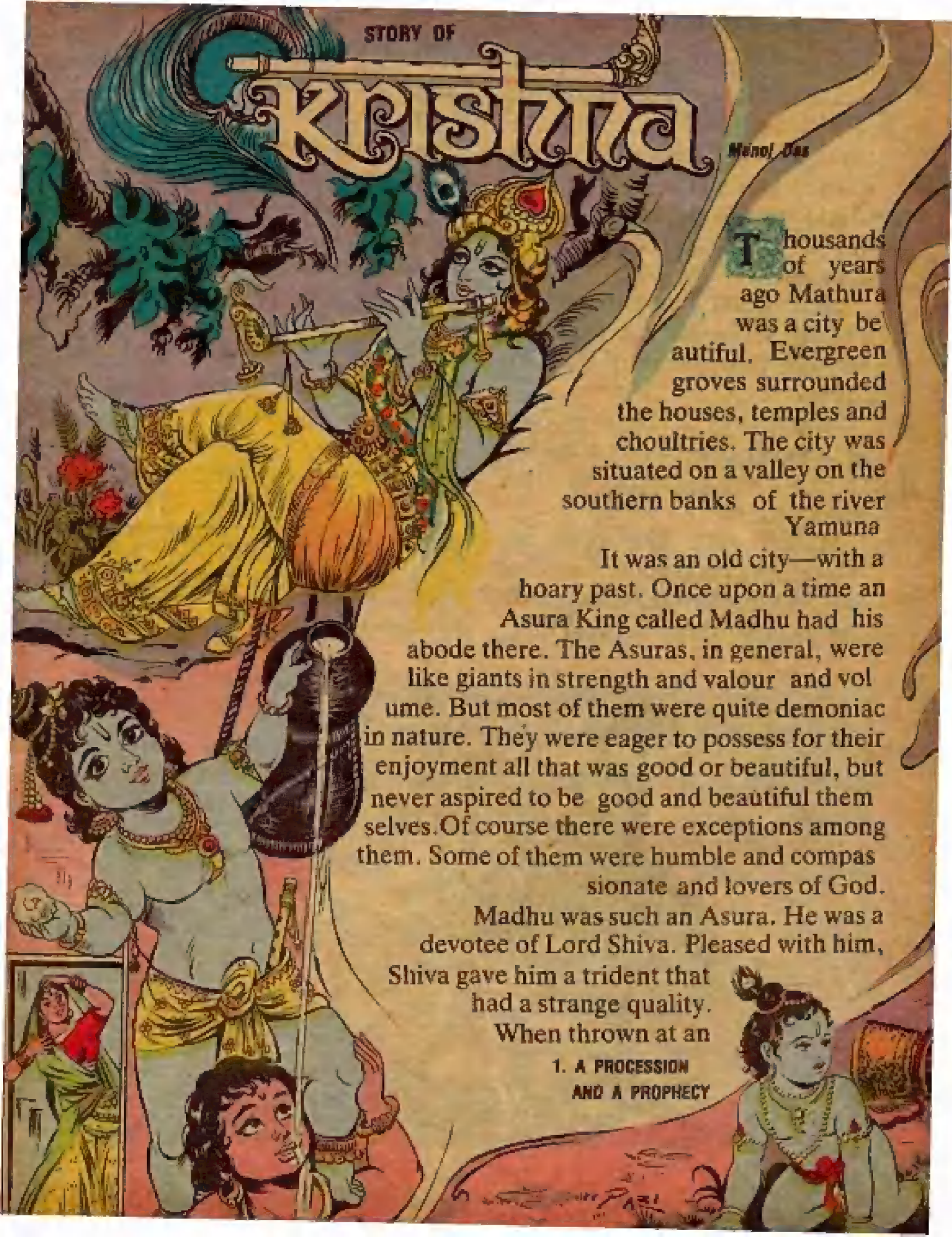
Thousands of years ago Mathura was a city beautiful. Evergreen groves surrounded the houses, temples and choultries. The city was situated on a valley on the southern banks of the river Yamuna

It was an old city—with a hoary past. Once upon a time an Asura King called Madhu had his abode there. The Asuras, in general, were like giants in strength and valour and volume. But most of them were quite demoniac in nature. They were eager to possess for their enjoyment all that was good or beautiful, but never aspired to be good and beautiful themselves. Of course there were exceptions among them. Some of them were humble and compassionate and lovers of God.

Madhu was such an Asura. He was a devotee of Lord Shiva. Pleased with him, Shiva gave him a trident that had a strange quality.

When thrown at an

1. A PROCESSION
AND A PROPHECY



adversary, it destroyed him by reducing him to ashes and then, of its own, returned to its master. Shiva, however, had warned Madhu that the weapon would work only as long as he did not harm the pious and the innocent.

Thus, while giving the Asura a boon, Shiva also saw to it that he observed a healthy code of conduct.

Madhu was a contemporary of Ravana, the Asura-King of Lanka, the villain of the Ramayana.

Madhu once kidnapped an Asura princess named Kumbhinasini and married her. She was a cousin of Ravana. Ravana mar-

ched upon Madhu's fort, determined to destroy it and kill Madhu.

But Kumbhinasini rushed out of the fort and fell at Ravana's feet and pacified him. When Ravana saw that his sweet cousin had already set her heart upon her kidnapper, he let them live in peace. In fact, Madhu and Ravana became great friends.

Ravana's marvellous fort-city on Mount Trikuta, made by Viswakarma, the architect-builder of the gods, might have inspired Madhu to found a similar city for himself. He devoted long years to build it. Bards and minstrels sang its glory and peo-



ple from far and near came to have a look at it. Because founded by Madhu, the new city was called Madhupuri.

In course of time Madhupuri came to be called Mathura. Although the rule of the Asuras came to an end, its name continued to bear the memory of its founder.

Ugrasen, the King of Mathura, was a noble-hearted man. But it so happened that once while his queen was enjoying a stroll in the hills, all alone, the spirit of a demon entered her and was born as her son. Named Kámsa, he was rude, arrogant, and selfish.

This young prince grew extremely ambitious after his marriage with the two daughters of Jarasandha, the mighty king of Magadha. With his father-in-law's support, he threw his father into gaol and usurped the throne of Mathura.

Indeed, it was a time when injustice, falsehood and cruelty had become wide-spread in the world. Kamsa personified these evil traits. Sages and savants were praying to Vishnu to intervene and suppress the wicked.

Ugrasen raised no hue and cry about his plight as an indulgent father he was. His kinsmen



and ministers and the nobility reconciled to the situation. Needless to say, all were afraid of Kamsa.

But the pompous and haughty Kamsa had his jolly moods too.

It was the day his cousin, Princess Devaki, was getting married to Vosudev a scion of the famous Yadu dynasty then settled in Mathura. After the marriage the bride was on her way to her husband's castle. She was being driven in a charming chariot, bejewelled and bedecked with flowers. Her bridgeroom, Vosudev was by her side. Priests, kinsmen and musicians walked in front of the

chariot and bodyguards and maids followed it.

Thousands of men and women thronged the pavements and they cheered the grand procession. From house-tops flowers were strewn on the chariot and perfumes sprinkled.

Suddenly a smiling Kamsa jumped onto the chariot and took over the reins of the horses from the charioteer.

This was a gesture of love and affection for his cousin which everybody present appreciated. A hearty applause broke out and exclamations praising Kamsa and wishing him well filled the air.

Kamsa acknowledged the greetings by pulling the reins in

style so that the horse trotted forward in a new rhythm. A joyous applause greeted him once again.

But something most unexpected happened. A voice that was even more voluminous than the applause and shouts of the crowd instantly silenced the din. The resounding voice came down as though tearing the clouds—from far above them. Awe-struck, all looked upward. The procession came to a halt.

"Kamsa! The day is not far when the earth would be relieved of your tyranny. The eighth child of the very lady you are driving so happily, ignorant of your fate, will be the one to destroy the menace that you



are!" said the ominous voice coming like a bolt from the blue.

Nobody in the crowd had realised then that the child of this prophecy was to be the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, the Avatar descending in response to the prayer of the sages.

The sky was getting overcast with clouds. A terrible change came upon Kamsa's face. He glowered his blood-red eyes. Anger gleamed in them like flashes of will-o-the wisp.

He let go the reins. As the people looked on helplessly, he unsheathed his sword with his right hand. Then he turned back

and took hold of Devaki's hair flowing behind her crown.

"My brother!" Devaki cried out in horror. But her cry was met by a devilish sneer from Kamsa.

"Eighth child, eh? Ha ha!!" Kamsa gave out a barbaric laugh. "Who is the fool to wait till the birth of even your first child? Here and now I'll bring the prophecy to nought. I'll put an instant end to the very source of my possible trouble. Devaki! My sister! I'm sorry, but I can't let you live to bring forth into the world my mortal enemy!"

Kamsa raised his glistening sword. It dazzled for a moment under a flash of lightning

—To Continue



TONIC FOR IMMORTALITY

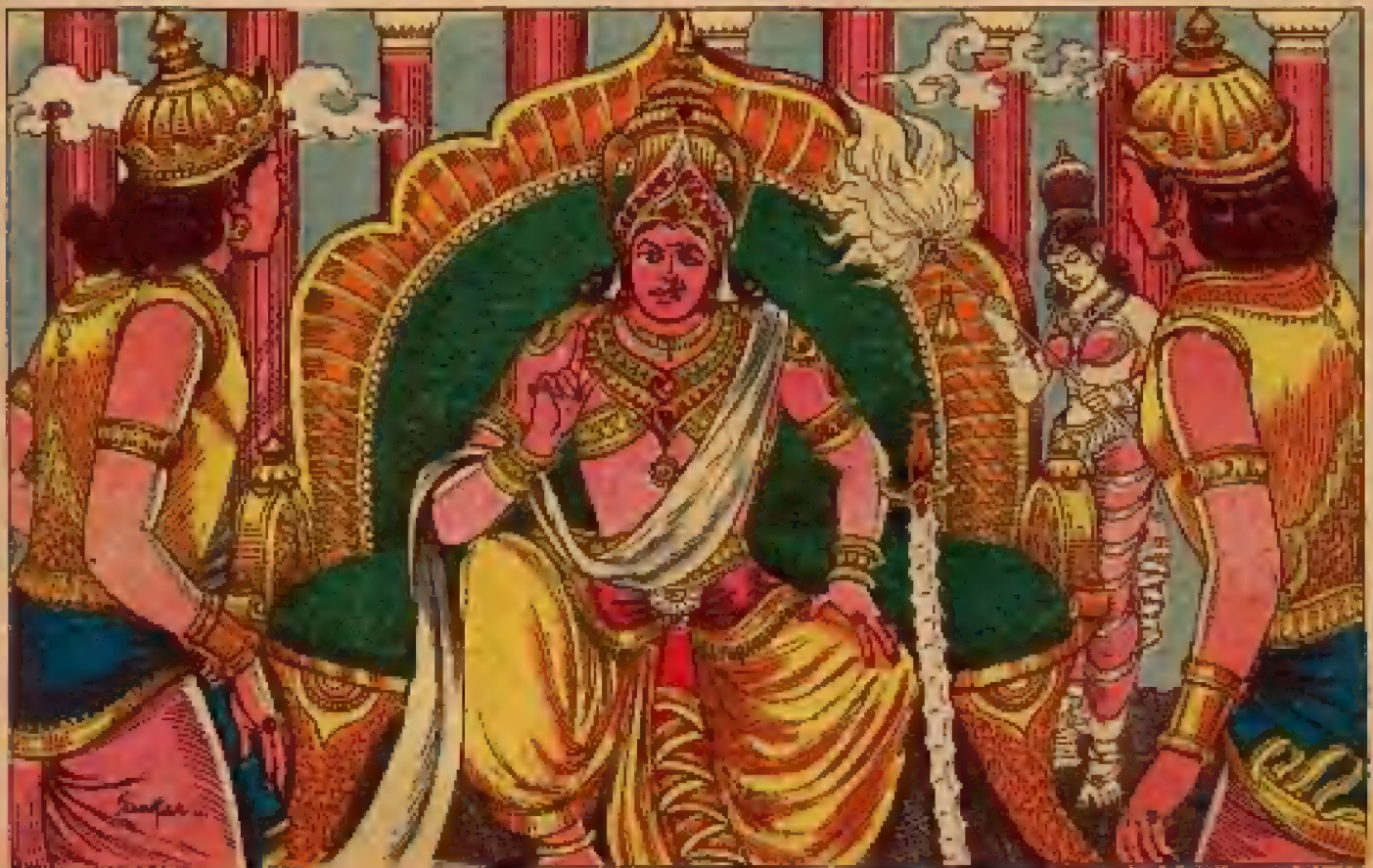
This happened thousands of years ago. The Bodhisattva, the soul that was to later manifest as the Buddha, had been born in a town near Varanasi. Known as Nagarjun, he was the minister to the king of a small kingdom.

Nagarjun was dearly loved by the king and revered by all for his wisdom and compassion. He was a versatile genius. He had profound knowledge even in matters of medicine.

Once while he was away from his home his son fell seriously ill. Nagarjun was late in reaching home. He could not save the boy.

The death of the son not only proved a great shock to him, but also made him wonder if there was no cure for death. He devoted all his time to the study of all the treatises on medicine. He toured the Himalayas consulting sages and seers.

At last he evolved a formula for preparing a tonic that would make man immortal. The process was long and expensive, for numerous rare herbs had to be collected. But Nagarjun had for



his patron the king. He did not lack in funds or assistance.

When his effort was about to be successful, Indra the king of the gods, sent the brothers Aswinikumar, physicians to the gods, to dissuade Nagarjun from going ahead with his experiment. The two brothers met Nagarjun and told him, "O wise minister, how do you dare to go against the Providential scheme of birth and death? Is it not an unholy effort?"

"If there is nothing unholy in trying to save a man from disease, I don't see anything unholy in trying to save a man from death," replied Nagarjun. The two physicians of gods went

back disappointed.

Indra was quite upset. He did not wish man to become immortal like the gods. He assumed the form of an old Brahmin and met the king's son, the crown prince.

"My young lord, do you know what Nagarjun is doing?" the disguised Indra asked.

"Yes. He is doing something great. He is preparing a tonic that would make man immortal," replied the crown prince.

"And you call that great? Young man, don't you see your own misfortune in this? If your father becomes immortal, can you ever ascend the throne? You'll remain the crown prince



forever, never wearing the crown!" said the Brahmin scoffingly.

This set the ambitious prince to think: Was he destined to be deprived of the throne? What should he do?

"I'll tell you what you should do. Nagarjun, as a rule, never refuses a thing just before sitting for dinner. You watch for that moment and ask him for his head. With Nagarjun dead, the king too would die," said the Brahmin.

The prince went to Nagarjun just when he was about to sit down for dinner. "I've to ask something of you. Will you promise to give it to me?" he asked.

"I promise. What is it that you need?"

"Your head," replied the prince.

Without the slightest hesitation Nagarjun handed out his own sword to the prince and asked him to behead him.

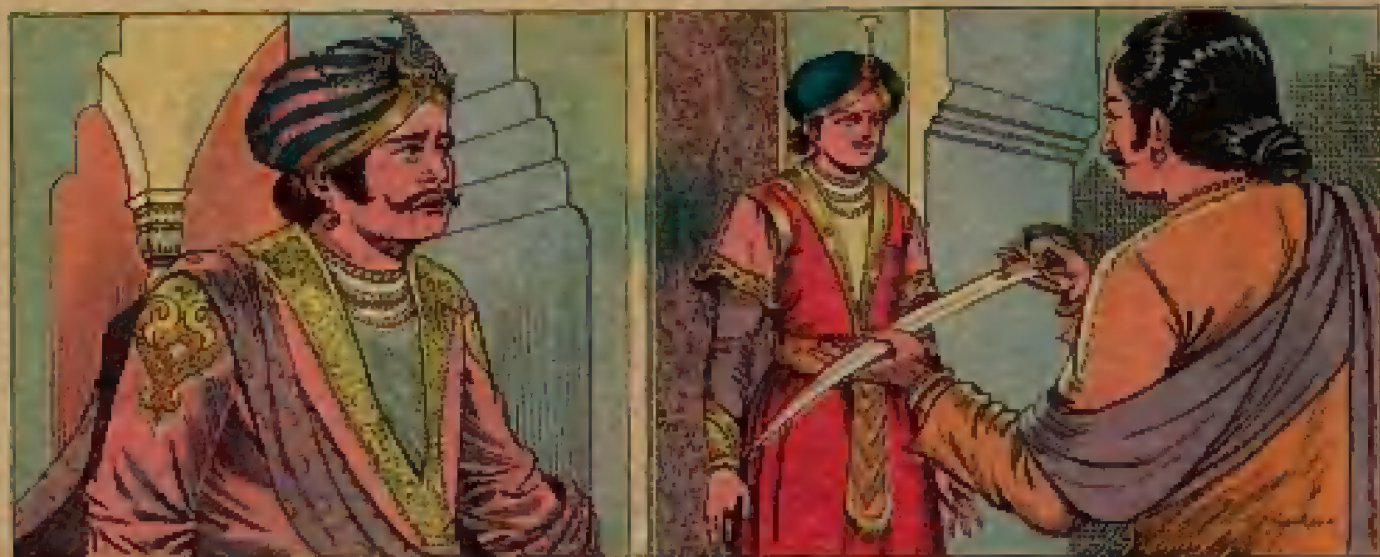
The prince struck Nagarjun with the sword, but to no effect, as Nagarjun's neck was hard as steel by the virtue of the tonic he used to take.

But Nagarjun himself applied a certain ointment to the sword and asked the prince to try again.

In the meanwhile the king heard about what the prince was doing. He came rushing to the spot. But the prince beheaded Nagarjun before the king could stop him.

With Nagarjun's death the formula for the tonic of immortality was forgotten. Sorrow made the king abdicate the throne. The prince, of course, became the king!

From the Buddha Jatakas





Mysteries of Mallipuram

THE MISSING ANKLETS

— Rander Guy

Sidhanta was one of the most intelligent men in the kingdom of Mallipuram. King Parakram had appointed Sidhanta as one of his five ministers and because of his wisdom the silver-bearded Sidhanta had proved the most popular of them all. He was a shrewd observer of men and matters, and could see many things which even the smart one missed. His friends had a joke about him: "If you yawn, he will tell you the length of your intestines!" So wise he was, and he had a passion for solving crimes, and King Parakram often spent hours with him telling him about imaginary crimes, and asking

the wise minister to point out the culprit. Sidhanta always emerged successful.

Sidhanta was an ardent lover of nature and took great personal care of his lovely rose garden. That fine cheerful morning he was in his rose garden, smelling a dewy rose here, observing a bud there, and caressing a green leaf, enjoying the crystal radiance of dew-drops. A short man, with flowing long locks, beaky nose and piercing deep-set eyes, sidhanta thanked the sky above and the earth below for making Mallipuram fertile and rich.

Sidhanta's morning stroll around the rose garden was disturbed when Chandrahasa came in seeking an audience with him. Chandrahasa was the chief courtier of King Parakram, and a most trusted ser-

vant. A man of pleasant nature, with a smile playing almost always on his lips, that morning he seemed worried. Sidhanta was quick to notice the change in the courtier's mood.

"Ha..Chandra.. You look so worried! But nobody should have anything to worry about in our kingdom!" Sidhanta told the pensive courtier.

"Yes, my dear sir, you guessed correctly. I am a worried man today. Plenty of reasons for being so, I can assure you."

"Tell me, be quick. What is so upsetting?"

"My wife, Sukanya, has lost her precious pair of anklets....

they have been stolen!" Chandrahasa said, his voice tinged with sadness. "Stolen? In our kingdom? Is it not ridiculous? You know, there are no thieves in Mallipuram. No, never in the recent past! and how can anything be stolen from the palace where you live? I just can't believe it, my dear courtier....."

"Revered sir, yet it is true.... Sukanya's anklets have been stolen right from her dressing chamber!" I have informed our beloved king. He too did not believe it and asked me to meet you. and here I am, sir....."

"Chandra, tell me all about it, spare no detail and the thief shall be caught."

And Chandrahasa began to tell the story of the missing anklets:-

The rare pair of anklets were a favourite jewel of Sukanya's. Her husband had presented them to her years ago when he was elevated to the high office of the Chief Courtier by King Parakram. The anklets were made of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, with tiny bells hung all round them and when Sukanya walked, the tender anklet-bells rang sweetly. The palace goldsmith, Swar-



naketu, had taken great care to make them.

The precious pair had been stolen. Sukanya wore them every day and removed them only before stepping into her bathroom to have her daily scented bath. As usual she had kept them inside the carved ivory box, near the mirror fixed to the western wall of her dressing chamber. When she returned after her bath, and was in the process of dressing, she found the box empty!

She was not forgetful nor absent-minded. Yet she looked for the anklets at every possible place, but to no avail. How could they have vanished? She wondered. Even though anklets were worn around one's feet, they could not walk off on their own!

Her mansion was on the northern side of the palace, and no man could enter the private chamber even under the cover of darkness. Armed guards kept watch around the fort-walls and no intruder had ever dared to enter the palace and the surrounding mansions.

Yet, the grim truth is, someone had entered her dressing chamber and removed her exquisite anklets. Who?



Apart from her husband, only two persons could come into her dressing chamber. Rajshri and Shanta, her personal maids, young hard-working women of fine character. Sukanya had no reason to suspect either of them. Of course, Shanta had an eye for gleaming gold and sparkling diamonds, but she was too honest to even think of stealing.

Sukanya was in tears and she ran out of her dressing chamber to seek her husband. At first Chandrasahas could not believe her complaint. However, he sent for his wife's maids. He questioned them at length but



their answers were so frank and forthright that he could not have even a trace of suspicion about them.

Chandrahassa at once reported the matter to King Parakram. The king was understandably upset over such an event in his kingdom. "The anklets must be found and the culprit severely punished. We cannot rest in peace until those anklets are recovered and restored to dear Sukanya. No woman shall be robbed of her ornaments in our kingdom. Chandra, go and apprise our wise friend Sidhanta of the matter and he shall find the lost property. Sidhanta nev-

er fails!" His Majesty told the Chief Courtier.

Sidhanta walked into the dressing chamber accompanied by Chandrahassa and Sukanya. His eyes roamed all over the high walled verandah, brightly lit corridors and spacious halls leading to the dressing chamber. He noticed that Sukanya's eyes were red with weeping, and he consoled her as best as he could.

"Now. Please leave me alone in the chamber. I wish to look and... think... yes... think. That's the only way to find any solution," the minister said and he smiled, running his fingers over his beard.

Chandrahassa and his wife left, after placing a bowl of fresh fruits on an ornately carved table. Sidhanta had strong teeth in spite of his age, and he began chewing a guava, a favourite of his, which grew abundantly in the orchard behind Chandrahassa's mansion.

He walked around the dressing chamber, his coal-black eyes taking in the details... the high walls... mirrors... couches... cushioned chairs... dressing table made of rosewood... silver bowls containing asses' milk for beautifying the skin... trays for turmeric

paste... sandalwood oil-cups... and many such beauty aids... and the carved ivory box.

He gazed at the box for a long time. A lovely work of art. No, there were no scratches on it. Keeping it back, he observed the window near the dressing table. There were three windows in the chamber and this one was the closest to the table. The window had no bars and the silk curtains fluttered in the fine breeze. Quickly he walked to the window, and parting the curtain, he took a closer look.

Whoever had entered the chamber and stolen the anklets, would have most probably made use of this window, thought he stroking his beard habitually.

He found no marks, no scratches, and no smudges. And then, something on the window-sill caught his attention. Almost invisible and yet present. He bent low and gazed at it. Something fine, brown and silky... and there were four in number. He smiled and picked them up with care and attention. He fingered them for a while and kept them in a small wooden box, the inside of which was painted white. The golden brown showed off clearly against the white of the box. He

pulled at his beard thinking hard. His eyes darted again to the window. Slowly he leaned over the window and peeped out.

In the bright summer morning sun he noticed an object lying on the ledge below the window. Cautiously he bent forward and after a few attempts he succeeded in picking it up.

It was a half-eaten green guava!

Sidhanta's smile broadened and he took a closer look at the fruit in his hand. The teeth marks on the half-eaten fruit attracted his attention. He took a second look at them and



glanced at the fruit he had been eating. He broke into a laugh, and kept the fruit in another box, bigger than the white one. Then he walked out of the dressing chamber, looking for Chandrahasa and Sukanya.

King Parakram, Chandrahasa, Sukanya, a few courtiers, and Sidhanta were present in the private room of the king at the back of the main palace. Here, the king met his close friends for chats and now all were ready and anxious to listen to Sidhanta giving out his solution to the missing anklets.

"Your Majesty, I think I know who is the thief and there

is no reason why Sukanya's anklets should not be back on her feet soon!" Sidhanta smiled at the king.

"Sidhanta, go on and show me the thief. And he shall be punished according to the law of our forefathers!" King Parakram said.

"Your Majesty, it's like this. In your kingdom, and in the mansion of dear Chandrahasa, a theft has taken place—something that ought not to happen in Mallipuram. I had made up my mind to catch the thief. We know that no male servant can enter Sukanya's dressing chamber, I mean, no stranger. My examination of the chamber revealed a window close to the dressing table on which lay the carved box containing the anklets. Nevertheless, someone had come in and stolen them. I felt that the intruder must have come in through that window. A close examination of the window and the surrounding area showed up four silky golden brown things. Here they are. Please take a look, Your Majesty - these are fine hairs! Yes... hairs... but whose? I looked carefully at them and thought hard. They did not seem like human hairs.



In our kingdom there are no people with such golden brown hairs, and these hairs are rather short..."

"Whose are they?" Chandrahasa asked with rising excitement.

"Let us see, Chandra. Being brown, so short and so silky, they can be of no human being and so they must belong to an animal... most likely..."

"Animal? How can an animal steal?" King Parakram exclaimed.

"Your Majesty, let me explain. Obviously an animal has been trained to enter houses and rooms to lift things of value. The half-eaten guava I found on the ledge below the window had teeth marks. I was eating the same fruit at that time in the dressing chamber. I examined both sets of the teeth-marks. I knew the teeth-marks on the fruit I picked up belonged to an animal—an animal that loves fruits, can climb, and is clever enough to be trained to do things....." Here Sidhanta paused.

"You mean—a monkey?" The king exclaimed. "Right, Your Majesty, you are right. A monkey can be trained and made to perform tricks. We all have seen



such monkeys. So my doubts raced towards the animal-trainers we have in our palace zoo...."

"But, Sidhanta, there are no thieves in our kingdom, and there is no question of being one inside our palace itself! For once you are wrong, I'm afraid," said the king.

"No, Your Majesty, I beg your pardon. I know our kingdom has no thieves, and our palace ought not to have one. Anyway I sent for our palace animal trainer, Malla. I examined him. I told him about the wanted man. I asked him if he had any new man in his

employment, who could be a stranger to our kingdom. At once he said he had one, Dimbaka by name."

"Dimbaka! I have seen him in my orchard asking the malees for fruits for his pet animals!" spoke out Sukanya.

"Yes, Dimbaka. He is new to Mallipuram. So his ideas of honesty are not the same as ours and he has a pet monkey, I was told. I knew that Dimbaka was the thief. Obviously he has trained his pet monkey to scale walls, enter rooms and steal things. Your Majesty, Dimbaka is the culprit, and he should be in possession of the anklets, I am sure." Sidhanta concluded.

King Parakram and the rest looked at the wise minister with admiration. The king sent for the palace guards and ordered them to fetch Dimbaka immedi-

ately. Soon he was produced before the king along with his pet monkey. Sidhanta took out those golden brown hairs from the small box and compared them with the animal's. They matched perfectly!

Dimbaka confessed his crime to the king. He had trained his pet monkey to enter houses and rooms and the clever monkey entered the dressing chamber and opened the box to remove the anklets. Dimbaka told the palace guards where he had hidden the anklets and they recovered them immediately.

King Parakram sent Dimbaka to gaol and gave the anklets back to Sukanya. He praised Sidhanta for his wisdom and showered him with precious gifts. Chandrahasa and Sukanya presented him a guava fruit--one made of solid gold!



PEACE ATLAST

King Kalketu of Vikrampur attacked Simhapuri several times, but he did not succeed in conquering it. He planned to capture the king of Simhapuri, Virsingh, through a trick.

"We have fought each other for long. I think it is time to establish peace between us. I shall appreciate if you visit our capital for a friendly discussion." This is the message Kalketu sent to Virsingh.

King Virsingh sent word that he had accepted the invitation. He arrived at the capital of Vikrampur on the appointed day with no more than four bodyguards.

King Kalketu, who was ready with his trap, asked his guest, "Tell me, Virsingh, what will a king do if his host imprisons him? In fact, you are my prisoner now!"

"If the king is clever, he would not really come to his enemy's castle so readily!" replied the guest with a meaningful smile.

The answer made Kalketu suspicious. "Are you truly King Virsingh?" he asked sternly.

"No. I'm one of his courtiers. My king is busy organising an assault on your capital. He has decided to conquer your kingdom and put an end to your hostility!" replied the guest.

Kalketu had no other go than to send the same courtier to King Virsingh with a large amount as penalty for his treacherous conduct and praying for a treaty for peaceful co-existence!



THE INVISIBLE FEAST

It was a palatial house. It belonged to a princely family of Bagdad known as the Barmecides.

One evening a beggar who was hungry and thirsty was walking close by the house. "If I beg of these people, they might give me some food and drink," he thought. He stepped forward and asked a watchman, "Whom can I approach for alms?"

"Go in and climb the stairs. My master, the prince, is seated

on the balcony and he is in high spirits. Meet him and your needs will be satisfied," said the watchman.

With great hope the beggar went up and stood before the young man. "Sir, I'm hungry and thirsty," he said.

"Thanks for the privilege you are giving me to entertain you!" said the prince. He at once called out to a servant and ordered him to bring water for their washing their hands and to



set dinner for two.

The servant fetched an ornamental jar and acted as if he was pouring water on the hands of the prince and his beggar guest. But the jar contained not even a drop of water.

The prince pretended to be washing his hands. "The water is comfortably warm, isn't it so?" he asked the beggar.

The surprised beggar did not know what to say. He smiled and kept quiet.

The prince then did as if he was wiping his hands in a towel his servant held. There was of course no towel.

"Why don't you wipe your hands too? Is it not a clean and comfortable towel?" asked the prince.

In hope of getting some good food hereafter, the beggar also did as directed by his host. He moved his hands in the vacant space!

As soon as they took seat in the banquet hall, empty bowls were set before them. "Ah, the soup is rather very hot. But the soup ought to be so, am I right?" asked the prince and he showed as if he sipped from the bowl. "You must agree that it is excellently prepared!" he observed.



"It is excellent, indeed," said the beggar, now that he was left in no doubt about the prince making fun of him.

"What about these chickens stuffed with pistachio nuts?" asked the prince.

"I had never eaten anything like this, sir," said the beggar pretending to be quite enthusiastic over the bare plate.

The prince named several dishes of delicacies and the servants were too ready to spread out on the table exquisitely made but empty dishes.

At last the prince ordered for wine. "Drink well, don't feel shy!" he advised his guest rais-

ing an empty glass. "Thanks," said the beggar, raising another empty glass. Both put their lips to the glasses.

"Ah, ah! will you please fill my glass again?" the beggar asked the maid holding the wine-jar. He acted as if he was getting drunk. Now it was the prince's turn to be surprised. The beggar left his chair and walked unsteadily and spoke incoherently, and went near the prince. He then began raining blows on the prince's back as if in a totally drunken condition.

The servants looked aghast.

"Stop, stop!" screamed the prince.

"I'm sorry, Chum, I don't know what I did under the influence of your most powerful drink!" apologised the beggar.

The prince laughed and gave a hug to the beggar. "You are the first man to pay me in my own coins. Till today I had always got away with my pranks. You deserve to be my friend," the prince said. He then ordered for real dinner to be set before them. He saw to it that his guest ate to his heart's content.

Needless to say, he also saw to it that the beggar did not remain a beggar any longer.





A Folktale from Greece

THE LION- HUNTER

A young man from the town, desiring to bag a wild fowl or a hare, entered forest, riding a horse. He had dressed well as a hunter and had his bow painted in glittering colours.

A wood-cutter who saw him was quite impressed by his

appearance and his horse. "Hunter, sir, a moment ago I saw a large lion going this way!"

"Is that so? Which way?" asked the young man gravely.

The question impressed the wood-cutter so much that he not



only showed him the way but also followed him. He had never met a lion-hunter in life.

Next they met a few villagers. They were small hunters. The two wood-cutters confided to them the nature of the young man's mission. They forgot their own business and joined the two wood-cutters in following the brave rider.

The young man trotted on silently, but feeling quite proud that he had become an object of wonder and admiration for so many.

They went quite a long way when they met another wood-

cutter.

"Have you seen a lion going this way?" asked the young man, pulling the rein.

"Of course I have! It has just entered that cave!" said the wood-cutter showing a cave that was a few yards away.

The little crowd felt quite tense. Their eyes were glued to the rider. Now is the moment to watch him act!

But the rider turned his horse back at once. "I just wanted to see the way the lion took, I never wanted to see the lion!" he said and galloped away as fast as he could.



THE OTHER HALF

There was a landlord who looked for an eligible match for his daughter. He asked a matchmaker to find out a good young man.

The matchmaker met the landlord after a few days and spoke profusely about a certain young man of his choice. He knew that he will receive a heavy reward if the landlord accepts his proposal.

"Sir, he is very handsome. His eyes are like lotus-buds, his arms are long! His brain works like a string of lightning," he said.

"But I don't like lotus-buds. I would rather have them round. And very long arms are no good. So far as brain is concerned"

The anxious matchmaker cut in, "Sir, only one of his eyes is like the lotus-bud; the other one is round as a ball. Only one of his arms is long, the other one is short like a turtle's. Only half of his brain works like lightning, the other half is as dead as a clod of earth!"





In the city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the 16th century, a boy was born to a poor family called Canty who did not want him. On the same day, another English child was born to a rich family by the name of Tudor, who did want him. Moreover, all England wanted him, too, so much so that the people nearly went mad with joy.

There was no talk in all England but of the new baby, Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags, except among the family of paupers whom he had just come to trouble with his presence.





Now we must skip a number of years. Tom had grown up somewhat since we saw him first, and was now living not very far from London Bridge. His sisters were in teens, and were good-hearted girls. Their father was a thief and their mother a beggar. All their three children were beggars also, but they were fortunate enough to have the kind old priest, Father Andrew, living in the house. He gave Tom special attention, teaching him a little Latin and how to read and write.

Tom had a hard time of it, for when he came home empty handed at night, his father would curse him and then thrash him. His one escape from his miserable life was Father Andrew, who told him tales of enchanted castles and gorgeous kings and princesses. After a while, one desire came in time to haunt him: it was to see a real prince with his own eyes. Because of this, his wanderings took him one day to the palace of Westminster.



Poor Tom, still hoping that he might catch a glimpse of a prince, approached the gates of the palace. He had almost reached them when all at once he saw through the golden gates a spectacle that almost made him shout for joy.



A prince, a living prince! The prayer of the pauper boy's heart had been answered. Everything gave way in his mind instantly to one desire: that was to get close to the prince. Before he knew what he was about, he had run forward and had his face at the gate bars.





The next instant, one of the soldiers snatched him rudely away and sent him spinning to the ground. At this, the young prince sprang to the gate and, with his eyes flashing with indignation, cried out: "How dare you use the poor lad like that? Open the gate and let him in!" It was in this manner that the Prince of Poverty met the Prince of Limitless Plenty.

"Thou lookst tired and hungry; thou hast been treated ill. Come with me," Edward then took Tom to a rich apartment in the palace, and by his command a repast was brought such as Tom had never encountered before. The Prince, with princely delicacy and breeding, sent away the servants so that his humble guest might not be embarrassed by their presence.

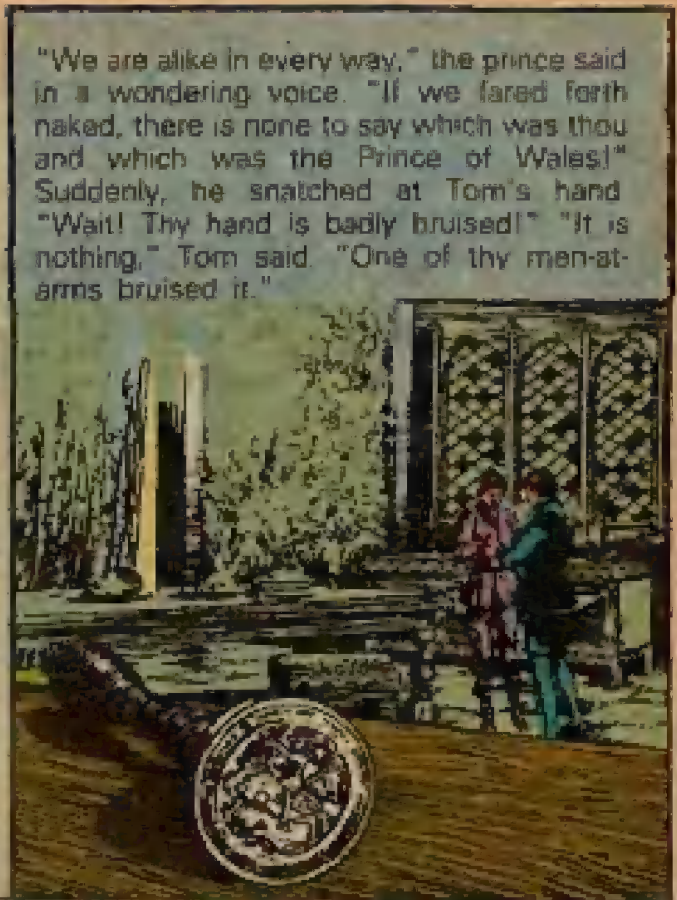


As he ate, the prince asked Tom many questions which he answered to the best of his ability. In the course of this conversation, the prince asked Tom what was his dearest wish. "If I could clothe me once, sweet sir, as thou art clad—just once," Tom said wistfully. The prince said, "Thou wouldst like that? Then so shall it be. Doff thy rags and don these splendours, lad!"





"Thou shalt not be denied that brief happiness," the prince told him. "Let us change quickly and change again before anyone comes to stop us." A few minutes later, they had changed their clothes. The two of them then stood side by side before a great mirror, and "Lo, a miracle! There did not seem to have been any change made!"



"We are alike in every way," the prince said in a wondering voice. "If we fared forth naked, there is none to say which was thou and which was the Prince of Wales!" Suddenly, he snatched at Tom's hand. "Wait! Thy hand is badly bruised!" "It is nothing," Tom said. "One of thy men-at-arms bruised it."



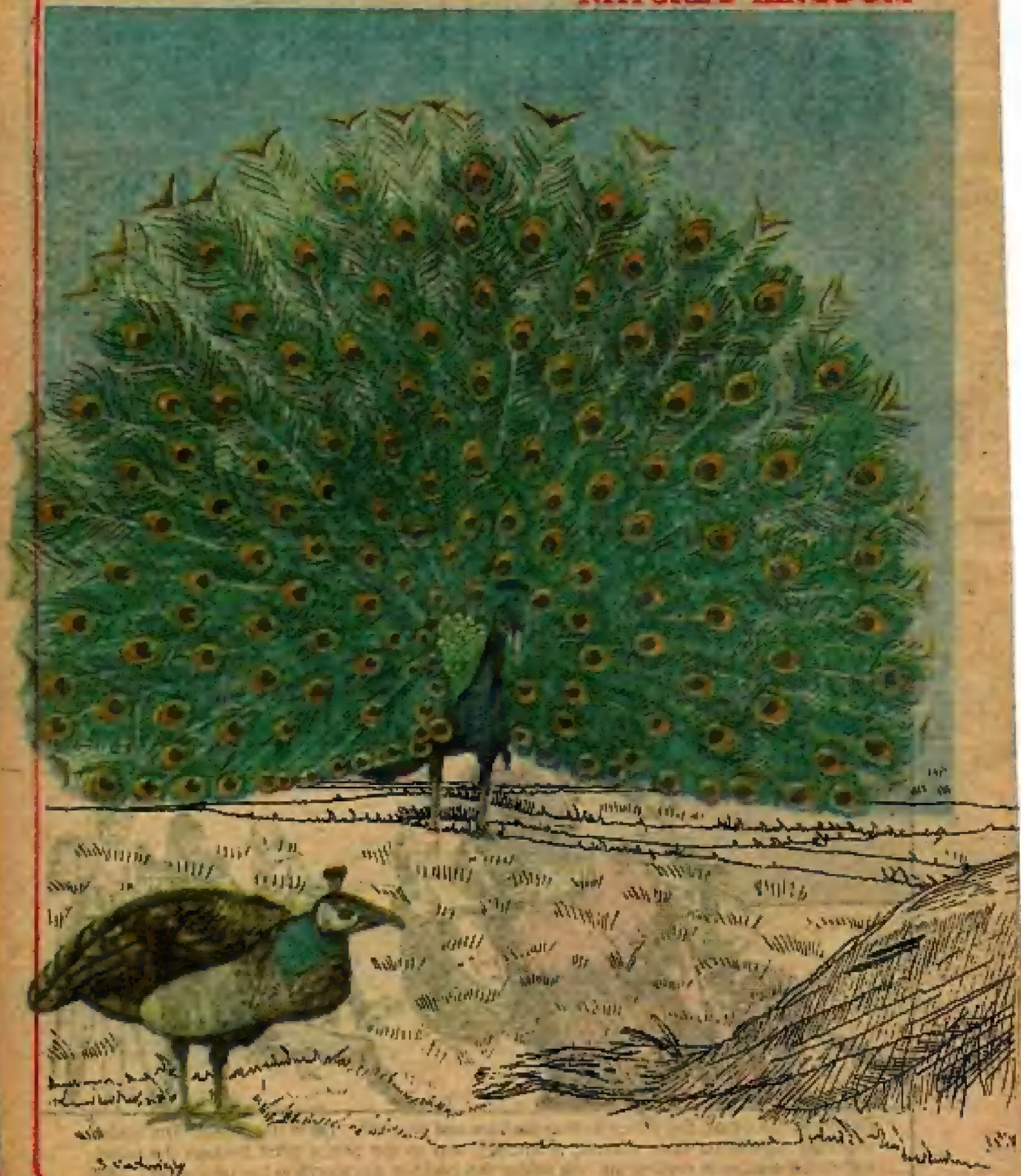
"It was a shameful thing to happen," cried the prince. "They shall be punished at once. Stir not a step till I come again!" In a moment he had snatched up and put away an article of national importance which lay on the table, and out of the door and flying through the palace grounds, heading towards the great palace gates.



Reaching the gates, the prince seized the bars and shouted: "Open the gates!" The soldier that had maltreated Tom, obeyed promptly; and as the prince burst through the portal, half-smothered with royal wrath, the soldier fetched him a resounding box on the ear. "Take that, thou beggar's spawn, for getting me into trouble with the prince!"

To Continue

NATURE'S KINGDOM

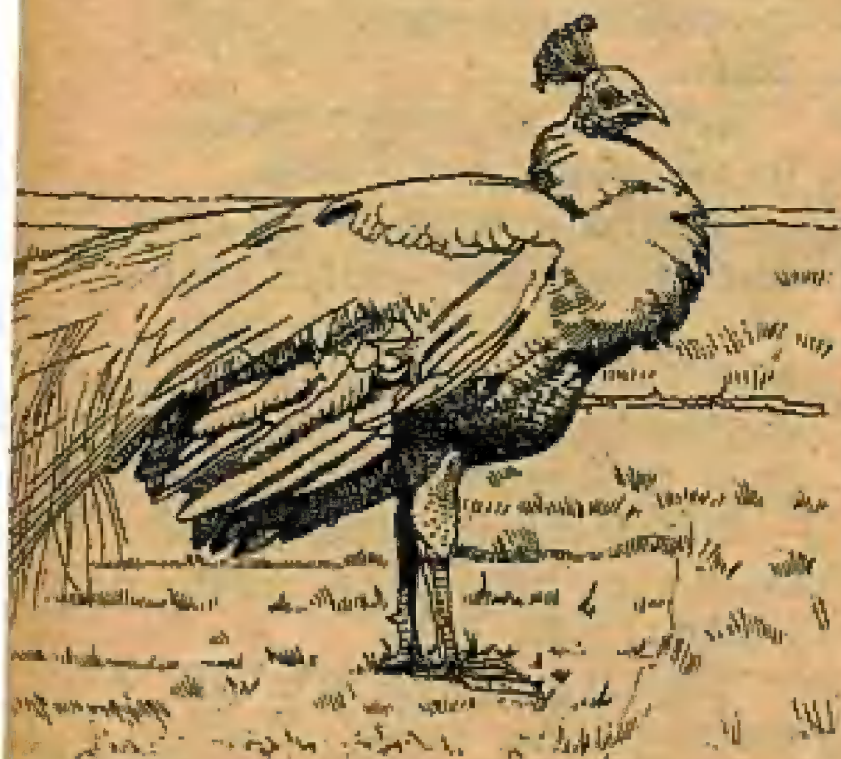


THE PRIDE OF A PEACOCK

The peacock's plumage becomes a wonderful coloured tapestry when seen against the full light

To see a peacock displaying its multi-coloured plumage of bronze, blue, green and gold is to witness a magnificent spectacle. But if you expect the bird's call to be as attractive as its plumage, be prepared for a shock. Its call is a shrill, discordant shriek—very alarming when you hear it in the stillness of a woodland.

The peacock's saving grace is its brilliant plumage, but this does not seem to impress the rather drab-looking hen, who goes on pecking the ground and appears to take no notice of the cock's efforts to impress her.



Man has long admired the peacock however. For anyone to be described as "proud as a peacock" meant that the person was the last word in conceit.

The ancient Greeks called the peacock Hera's bird. This was because the eye-like markings on its display feathers were thought to represent the hundred eyes of Argus, ordered by Hera to guard Io, daughter of the king of Argos.

The famous peacock throne of the Mughal emperors was of glittering magnificence, for it had as a background the figure of a peacock with spreading feathers made of gold and precious stones. In China, the Emperor could bestow no greater honour upon a mandarin than to give him a fan of peacock feathers.

Although the peacock has been common in Europe and kept as decoration in the gardens of the wealthy since the earliest times, it is native only to India and Sri Lanka.

The peacocks build an untidy nest on the ground or in the low branches of trees. The hen lays six eggs. Both the male and female have identical plumage until they are two years old, when the cock develops its magnificent display of feathers.

The fan-like "tail" which creates this display is not a tail at all. The colourful feathers grow above the tail, which consists of quite short feathers.

Moreover, the colours of the peacock's so-called tail are not so brilliant as they seem. The plumage only appears bright and glittering because the surface of the feathers reflects the light in a range of eye-catching tints.

But if the peacock's display is beautiful when the bird is on the ground, it reaches heights of wonder when the creature takes to the wings.

One naturalist described seeing a peacock run down a slope and fly away "in the full light, his train a wonderful coloured tapestry." It must have been a wonderful sight to see.

The peacock is India's national bird.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Vajragiri and Sompur were two neighbouring kingdoms. It was forbidden to import certain things from Sompur into Vajragiri without paying tax. But Bhanu and Ravi, two traders who had their shops in the frontiers of Vajragiri, thrived on bringing those very things illegally and selling them. They evaded tax and made a good profit.

One morning a messenger from the king told Bhanu, "His Highness the King wants you to report at the palace as soon as possible."

Bhanu went out at once and returned by noon. Ravi who observed this asked him, "Brother Bhanu, what was the reason for the king calling you?"

Bhanu smiled. "Don't mind, Ravi, but that is a matter strictly between the king and myself. I

cannot divulge it to you, though you are so dear to me."

Ravi felt quite intrigued. Next week the king's messenger, while passing that way, said to Bhanu, "Don't forget about your duty tomorrow—a Monday!"

"Oh no. How can I forget my duty towards the king? I'll be at the palace quite early," replied Bhanu.

Ravi saw Bhanu proceeding to the palace once a week.

"What is intriguing about it? Bhanu must have earned the king's respect and that is a great thing!" Ravi's wife said when she heard about Bhanu going to meet the king frequently.

"In that case it will benefit us to keep Bhanu in good humour!" said Ravi.

"Right," agreed his wife. "I'll prepare some sweets. Carry



them to Bhanu's house. That is bound to please him."

So, Ravi made a gift of delicious sweets to Bhanu and assured him that it was nothing but a gesture of love for him!

"Good. I'll tell the king how good a neighbour you are when I get an opportunity," said Bhanu.

That encouraged Ravi to carry gifts a few more times to Bhanu's house.

A year passed. One morning the king's messenger asked Ravi to meet the king the next day.

"This could be the outcome of

Bhanu making a mention of you before the king," observed Ravi's wife. Ravi nodded.

And with great expectations Ravi reached the king's court and offered a smart salute to His Highness.

"You are Ravi the trader, are you? Pick up that broom-stick and clean the palace. Keep doing this once a week. Another trader called Bhanu does it on Mondays. You do it on Thursdays. I thought Bhanu alone was a smuggler. Now I have proofs to show that you are no less mischievous," roared the king.

Make sure of your copy of Chandamama by placing a regular order with your Newsagent

PUZZLES IN THE SKY

Calm was the American countryside. The early autumn night presented a sky that was without a speck of cloud.

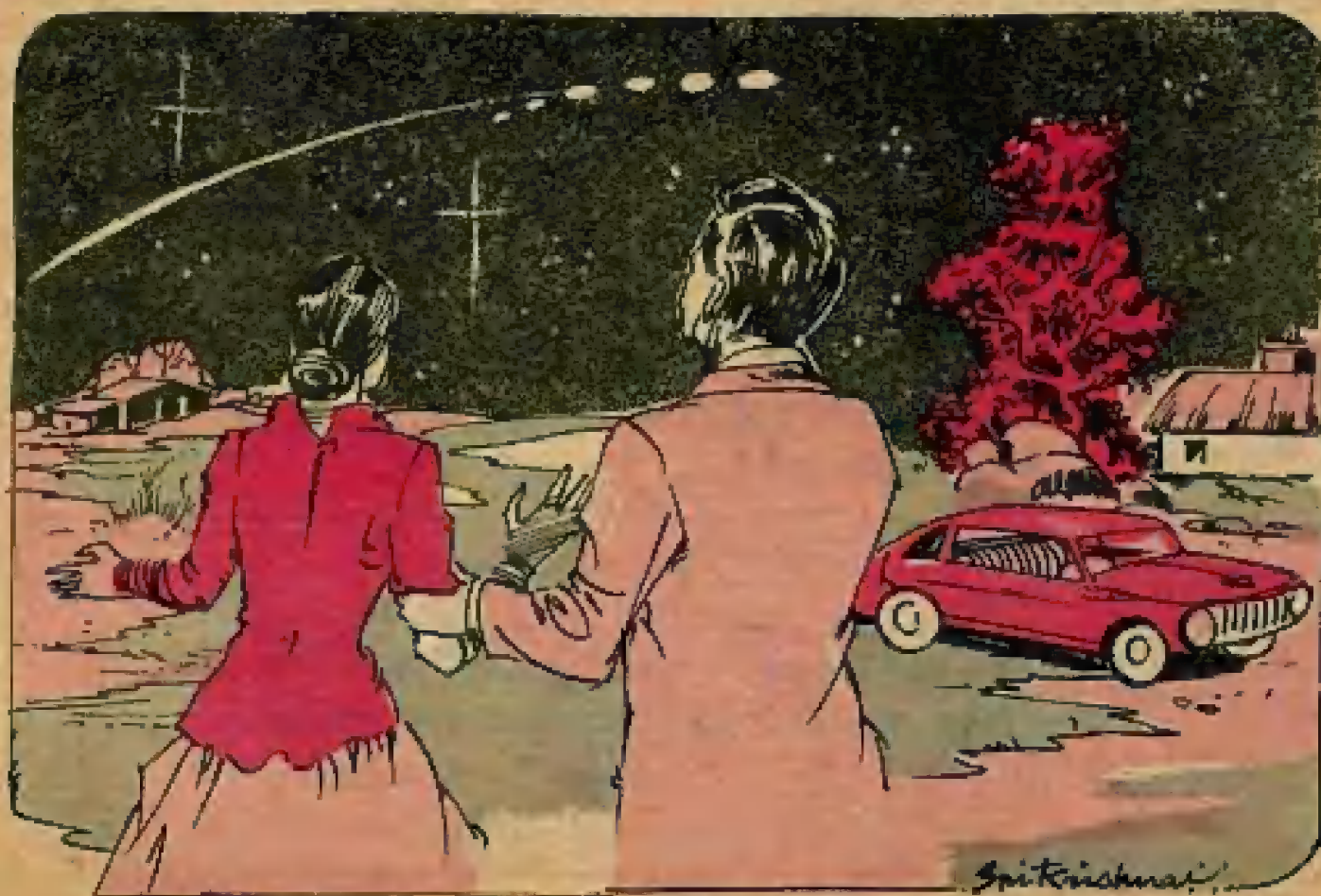
A young couple parked their car and came out for a stroll.

"How lovely are those glittering stars!" commented the young man. The young lady raised her face to look at the sky. She was smiling and was about to comment, "Yes, the usual things look beautiful when

you are in high spirits!"

But her eyes fell on a cluster of specially glittering stars. They really looked unusual for their colour. It was bluish and, what was puzzling, the stars were growing bigger.

In half a minute they—about half a dozen—had grown to the size of a felt hat each. They seemed to be whirling and without the slightest swish of a sound they disappeared into the



S. K. Krishna

horizon.

The couple stood amazed.

"Must be a new kind of aircraft," commented the young man. His wife, however, was not satisfied.

Next day they read in the newspapers that what they saw had also been seen by some other people. The authorities of the civil aviation as well as the airforce declared that they had nothing to do with the phenomenon. They were puzzled themselves.

One August night in the year 1951 Dr. W.I. Robinson, a professor, was talking to two of his colleagues, Dr. A. G. Oberg and Prof. W.L. Ducker, standing at the backyard of his house in Lubbock, Texas. All the three were scientists. "Suddenly all three men saw a number of lights race noiselessly across the sky, from horizon to horizon, in a few seconds. They gave the impression of about 30 luminous beads, arranged in a crescent shape. A few minutes later another similar formation flashed across the night. This time the scientists were able to judge that the lights moved through 30° of arc in a second." (*Life*, International Edition, Vol. 12, No. 9)



Next day they checked with the Air Force. No, there had been no flights over that region the previous night.

A few days later, when the lights were seen again, a student named Carl Hart photographed them. Known as the Lubbock Lights, they still are an enigma. Scientists say that they are objects about which they know nothing. They travelled soundlessly means they travelled faster than any man-made flying device.

In 1908 a huge object from sky had crashed in Siberia. It made a terrific impact. At first it was believed to be a meteorite. But



later thoughts put it as a flying saucer that totally burnt up after its collision with the earth.

The flying saucer was first observed in the late forties and since then they have been seen from time to time in different parts of the world. At the beginning many rational explanations were given to them: They could be some secret experiments in nuclear-powered machines by either America or Russia; they could be some unusual cloud and wind formation, so on and so forth.

America and some other countries were launching plastic balloons in those days. Many

thought that those balloons, reflecting the sunlight from high even after the sun had set for human eyes, created the illusion.

However, sometimes pilots on locating the saucers have pursued them. The saucers have disappeared after a while.

In the year 1978, an Australian pilot named Frederick Valentich, while flying, spotted a strange object in the sky over Melbourne. He radioed to the control room of the airport, "The thing is orbiting on top of me." He also said that the engine of his own plane was showing signs of weakness—obviously because of the impact of the flying object.

The pilot fell silent at the middle of a sentence. The control room could not establish any contact with him however it tried. Soon other aircrafts rose to the sky to locate Frederick's plane, but they were disappointed. Nothing is known about what happened to it—where and how it disappeared.

In late seventies pilots had several chance-meetings with such unidentified flying objects (UFO, as they are popularly known), between Australia and New Zealand. Sometimes they

were seen radiating green light, sometimes they looked like circling at great speed, but always proving elusive.

By now it is believed that they are a reality—though still unexplained. Dr. Walther Riedel, a renowned German scientist, says, "I am completely convinced that they have an out-of-world basis." Many others, support him.

What is that out-of-world basis? An exciting suggestion is, they are machines sent by a planet in the space which has an advanced civilisation.

The whole universe is a manifestation of life. But we do not

know if any other planet has man-like creatures who could have used their intelligence to make such machines. If they would send those objects again and again, they should try to contact us in some other way too.

There could be another explanation—though not much discussed. The flying saucers might not be material objects. They could be something subtle—something supernatural. Such supernatural planes remain interspersed with the physical world. Once in a while a sign of one such plane becomes visible.

We do not know!





New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

THE NEW GENERAL

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals between the roars of thunder could be heard howls of jackals and the eerie laughter of the spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I do not know if you are taking such pains at the instruction of a greater king to whom you owe allegiance. If it is so, I am not sure if he won't discard you after you have done his bidding. Let me illustrate my doubt by

citing an example. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

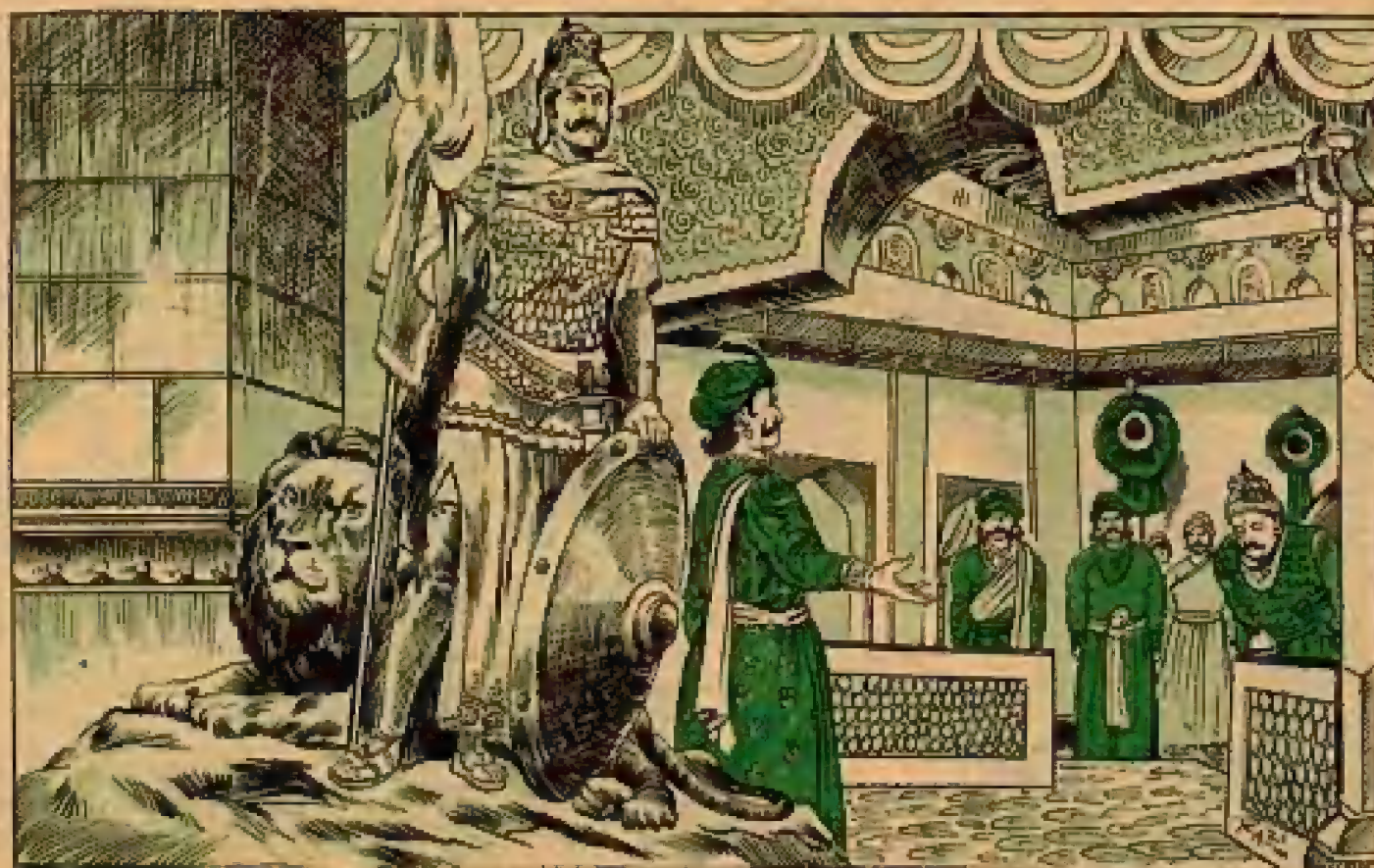
In olden days the land of Pushpak was ruled by King Samirvardhan. Two of his able officers, the general of the army and the chief of the secret service, retired due to old age. It was necessary to fill up the posts immediately.

Among the younger officers in the king's service were Virketu and Amarsen—both of whom were trusted by the king and were known for their tact and talent. The minister agreed with the king that these two young men ought to be taken in place

of the two retired officers. The question was, who between the two should be the general of the army and who the chief of the secret service.

"My lord, let's try both in both the positions. Then we can decide," suggested the minister. The king liked the idea. Accordingly Virketu was put in charge of the army and Amarsen in charge of the secret service for a period of six months. Later they were to exchange their positions for another six months. Their permanent posts were to be decided after observing their performances.

As soon as Virketu became



the temporary general, he began reforming the army. He had made a thorough study of the latest theses on warfare written by experts of different countries. He taught the army new strategies. He imported studs of horses from Gandhara and elephants from Kamrup as they were known to be superior to those animals available in any other land.

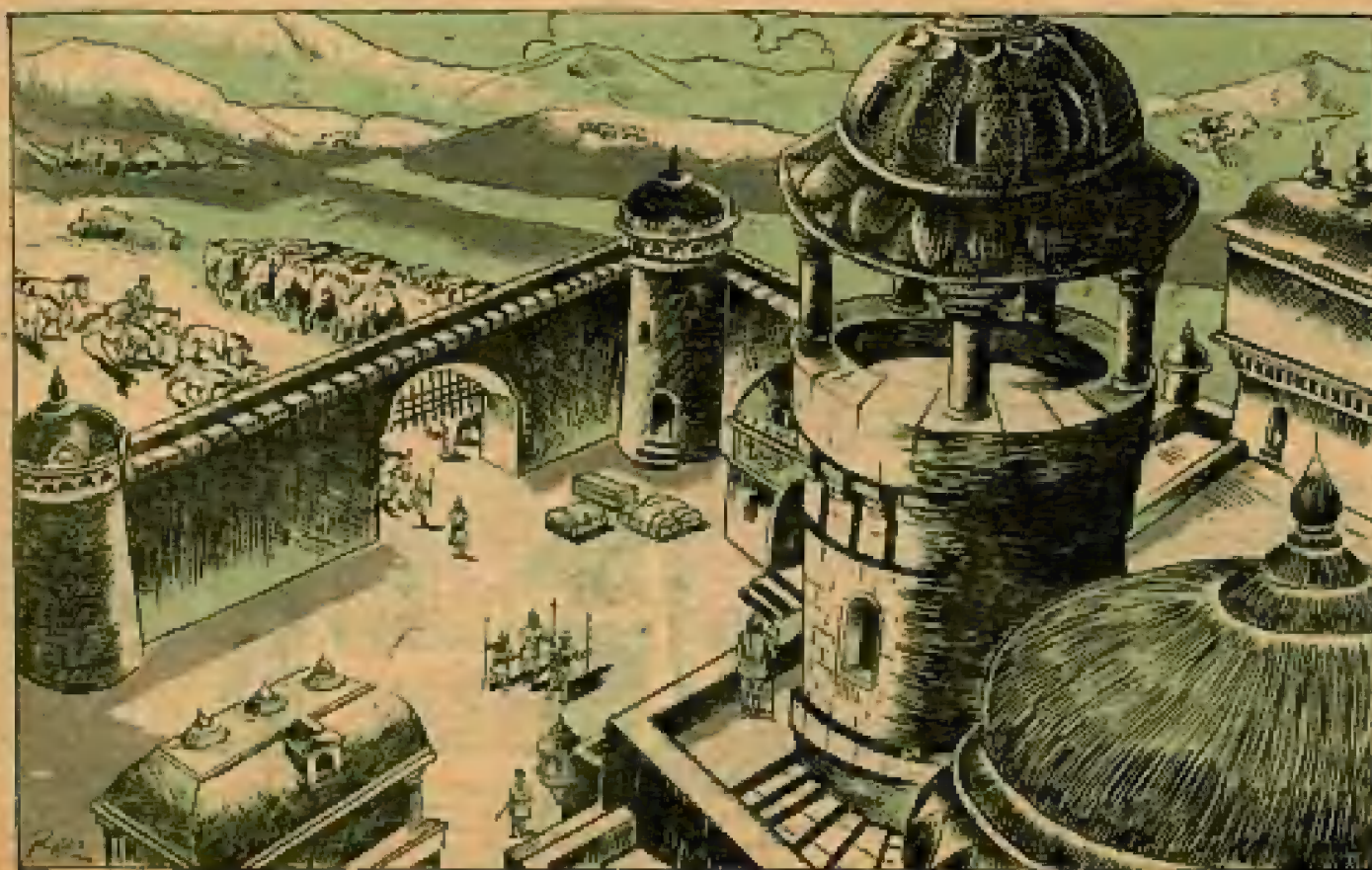
When the period of six months was over, Virketu was asked to take over the charge of the secret service. Amarsen became the temporary general.

Amarsen was extremely proud of his own land and its

ancient military traditions. He at once stopped the import of horses and elephants from Gandhara and Kamrup. He made light of the new strategies taught by Virketu and asked them to practise their old tricks and strategies thoroughly well.

Two months after Amarsen took charge of the army the kingdom was attacked by the king of Vijaypur. Amarsen fought valiantly and repulsed the enemy.

Hardly another month had passed when Sompur, another neighbouring kingdom, declared war against pushpak. Its army tried to invade it. Howev-



er, Amarsen set an example of brilliant leadership and routed the invaders. Of course, a number of soldiers from both the camps got killed.

After peace returned, the minister asked the king, "My lord, must we wait for the period of six months to elapse? Why not transfer Amarsen permanently to the secret service and make Virketu our permanent general?"

"No use waiting. I was going to ask you to do so," said the king. Both smiled as they understood each other's minds so well!

The vampire paused and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: "How could both the king and the minister come to such a perverse decision? Didn't Amarsen prove his mettle twice by protecting his country from attacks by enemies? What more proof was necessary to determine the capacity of a general? Were the king and the minister jealous of him that they shifted him to another position? Answer me if you can, O King. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King



Vikram: "The king and the minister were absolutely right in their decision. An able general ought to be in know of the latest developments in military science. He must modernise his army. Because Virketu did such things, the enemies never dared to attack Pushpak. The moment they knew that Amarsen was undoing what Virketu had done, they thought it to be the right time to strike! Patriotism and pride in one's own country are great virtues. But they should not blind one to the practical demands of time. It is true that Amarsen repulsed the enemies. Luckily he was himself



an extraordinarily able soldier. Had he been slightly weak personally, the kingdom would have been in danger. The army has to be organised in such a way that it should be effective even if the general himself is not physically quite fit for fighting. That is the way Virketu was organising the army.

"Amarsen must be hailed for

his patriotic feelings. His patriotism could be best put to use in the secret service. The king and the minister only put the right persons in their right places. They did injustice to none."

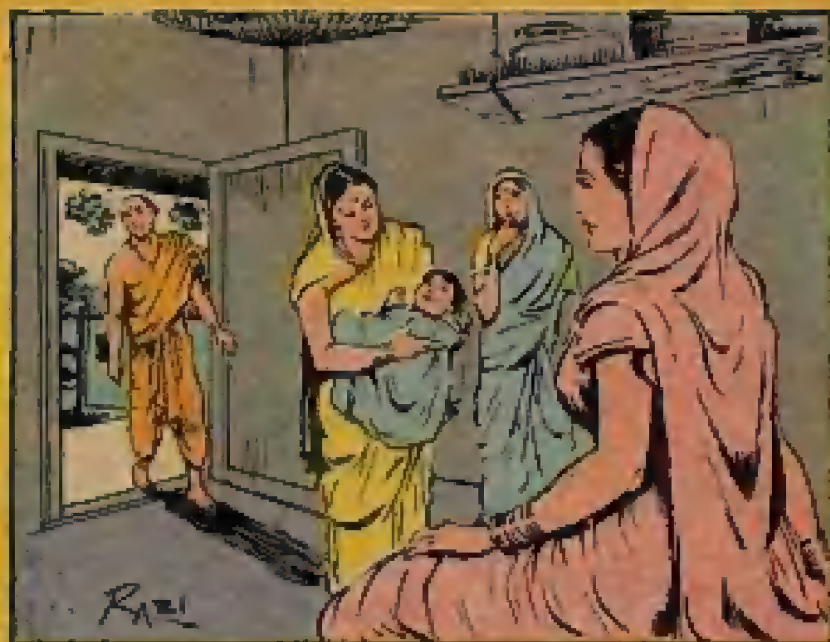
No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



Abraham Lincoln always spoke courteously and sweetly to his enemies and helped them whenever they were in difficulty.

"Why do you try to make friends of your enemies? You should do your best to destroy them!" a friend once advised him.

"Am I not doing that very thing? Once I win a friend, the enemy in him is destroyed!" replied Lincoln.

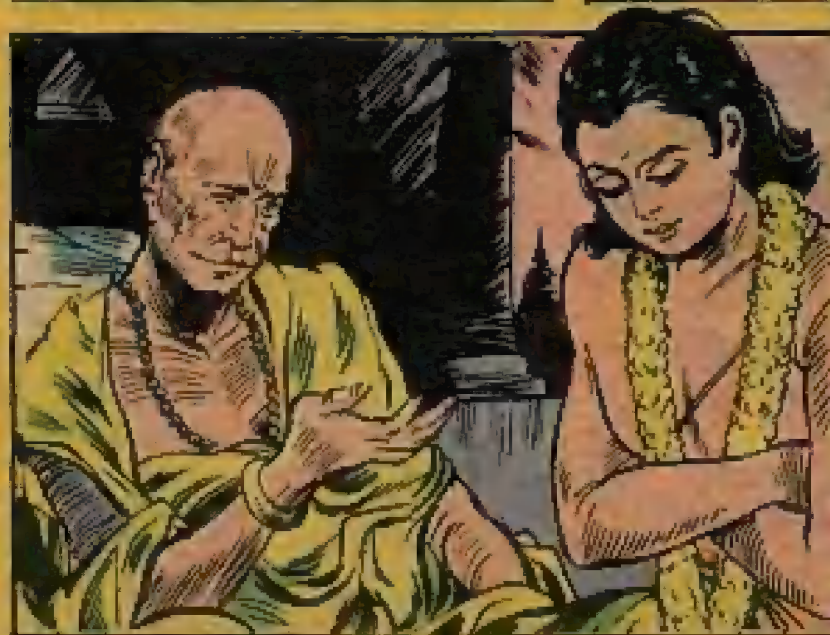


STORY OF INDIA-73

SWAY OF SRI CHAITANYA

The Mishras, a Brahmin family that had settled down at Mayapuri, Nabadwip, coming from Jaipur of Orissa, were loved by all. 18th of February, 1486 was a happy day for Jagannath Mishra and his wife Sochi Devi, for that day a son had been born to them.

Named Nemai by his parents, the child was also called Gauranga—the fair one—because of his body's bright colour. He was extremely witty and fun-loving and became the leader of the village boys. But at study he was exceptionally brilliant.

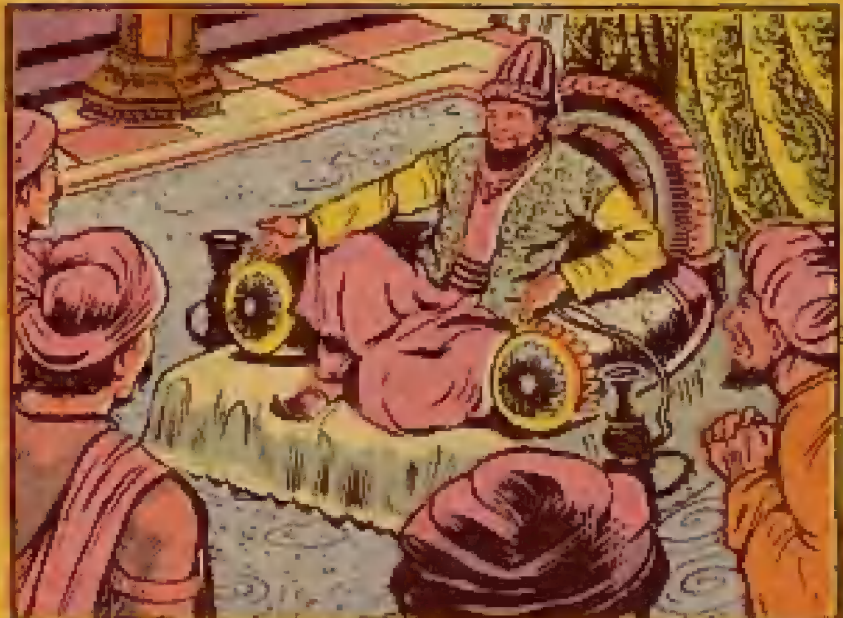


The young Nemai became a teacher himself. Students flocked to his Sanskrit school as he proved as learned as he was kind. But suddenly one day he went to Gaya where he met Iswaripuri, a saintly scholar, and became his disciple.



Back at Mayapuri Nemai closed down his school and passed his time in meditation or singing *Kirtan*, the songs of love and devotion for Krishna. Soon he gathered round him a group of ardent followers. They now organised regular *Kirtan* sessions and processions.

There were orthodox people who disliked these new Vaishnavas—the devotees of Vishnu. They complained to the Kazi, the local representative of the Nawab of Bengal, against the mass chanting of Krishna's glory by Nemai's group.



The Kazi prohibited any *Kirtan* party coming out to the streets. What Nemai did, startled all. He gave a call to the people of Nabadwip to follow him in a *Kirtan* procession. Many were afraid and they warned him about the consequence. But Nemai was determined to defy the order—not with anger, but with love and faith.



Nemai's appeal was irresistible. Hundreds joined him. Full-throated they sang the glory of Krishna. The air was vibrant with devotion. Thrilled at the chanting more and more people joined the procession till it swelled to a sea of humanity. As it approached the Kazi's house, an overwhelmed Kazi came out and greeted Nemai with reverence.

Jagai and Madhai, two ruffians, one day attacked Nityananda, the chief follower of Nemai. They hurled a wine-jar at him and he bled. But instead of getting angry, he exhorted them to utter the name of Krishna. Soon Nemai reached the scene. A great change took place in the ruffians. They fell at his feet.



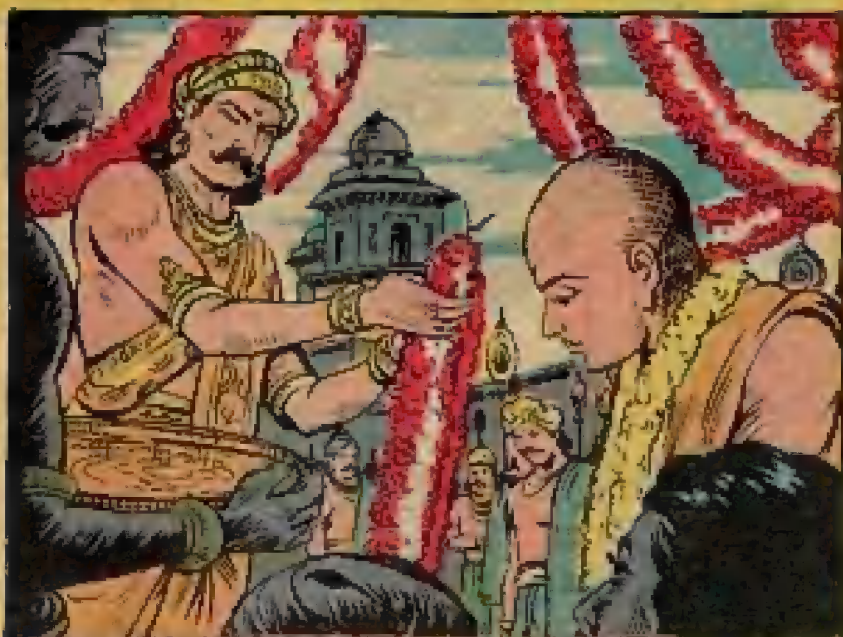
Nemai was married and was living with his widowed mother, and wife Vishnupriya. He realised that the time had come for him to take to a new pattern of life. One night he left the house and hurried to a famous ascetic, Keshav Bharati, and was initiated by him to Sannyas—asceticism. He was now named Krishna Chaitanya.

Soon he was on his way to the holy city of Puri, in the company of his trusted followers. The very sight of the temple of Lord Jagannath on the horizon put him into a mood of ecstasy. Puri became the chosen place for his future dwelling. He had as his friends and companions great poets and mystics then living there.



He undertook a journey to Brindavan, the legendary seat of Krishna. He identified the spots that were associated with the different activities of Krishna. At his instruction his disciples founded new temples, installed in them the deities, Radha and Krishna, and renovated the old ones.

On his return to Puri, he was received with great love by the King of Orissa, Prataprudra, and his minister, Roy Ramananda. His benevolent influence grew over the multitudes. He mysteriously disappeared in 1553, but the Vaishnava movement became very powerful over eastern India and had an indirect sway over the rest of India too.



MEET THE MOST CHARMING CREATURE

It happened at the holy confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna.

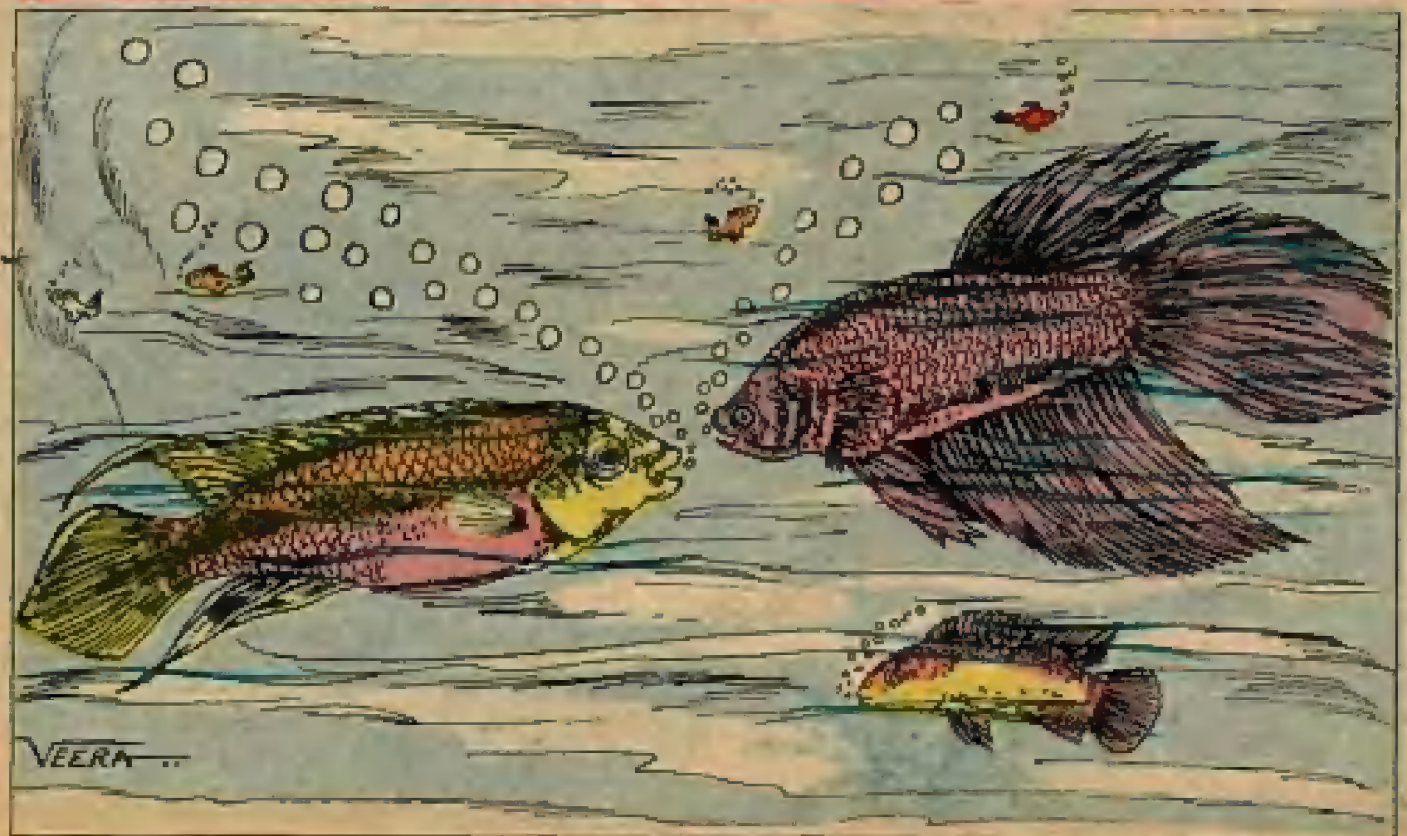
A fish from the Ganga and a fish from the Yamuna met and became friends. The first one spoke about the many great towns and sacred seats of gods and sages situated along the bank of the Ganga and the second one did the same.

The first one then said, "The fish-folk in the Ganga are as swift as they are beautiful. Look at me. Am I not really charming?"

"I don't deny that, but that does not mean that the fish-folk of the Yamuna are inferior to you in any way. Now, look at me. Am I not more charming than you are?" asked the fish from the Yamuna.

The fish from the Ganga looked crest-fallen. "How can you honestly say that you are more charming than I? A look at both of us together should convince anyone that between we two I am certainly the charming one!" it asserted.

They disputed each other



more and more vehemently. At last they decided to refer their dispute to a third party.

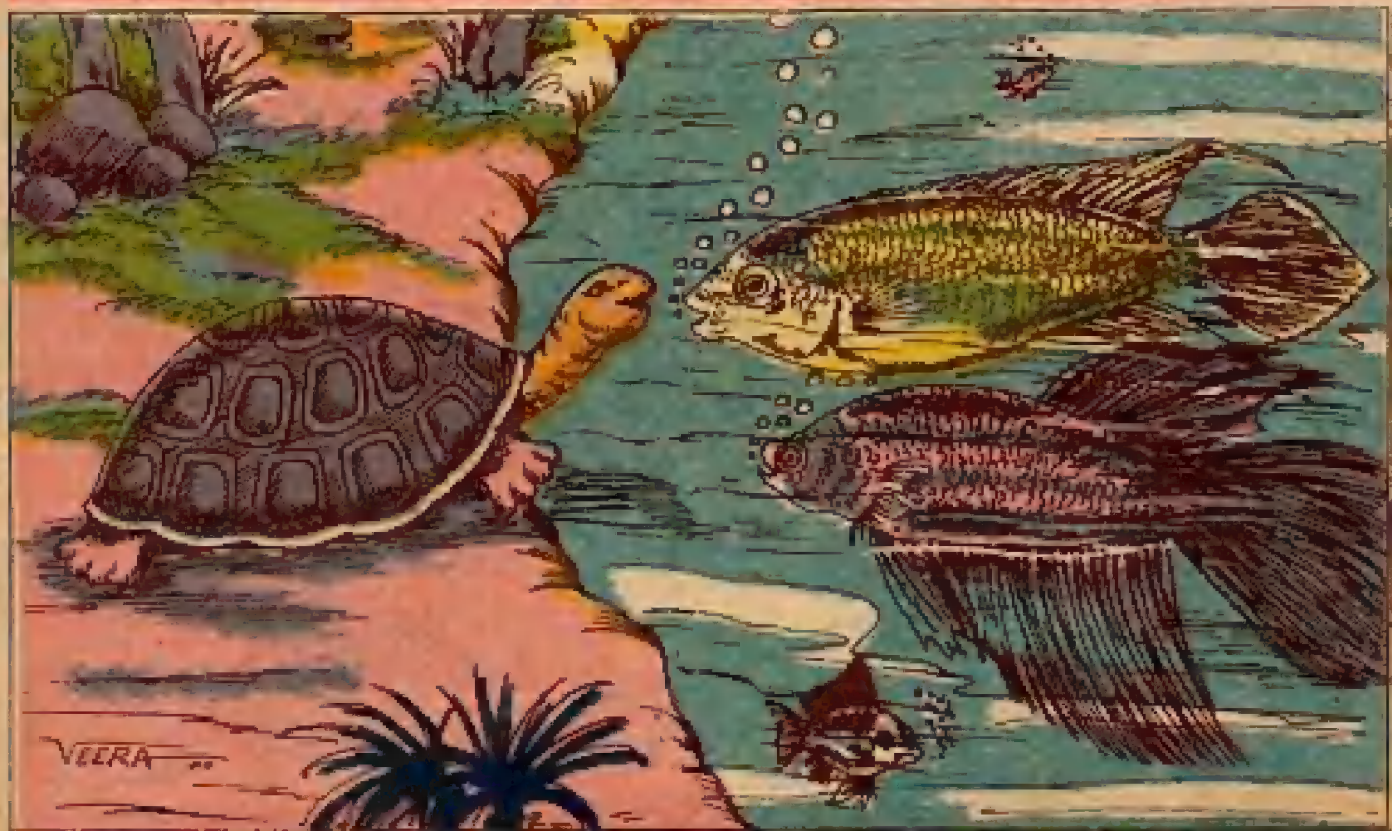
On the brink of the water lay relaxing a tortoise. The two fish swum up to it and asked it to decide who between them was more charming.

The tortoise smiled and kept smiling for long. "I must say that both of you are wise," it said. "You are wise because you came to me—the most charming of all-creatures. Ah, when I look at my four wondrous feet, I feel pity for the lotus, for what poor things its petals are when compared to my feet! When I look at my glorious belly, I wonder why God created the sky after

creating me, for in smoothness and colour the sky can never beat my belly. And look at my neck. Is it not a hundred times more beautiful than the jewelled neck of the princess who came to bathe here the other day?"

The tortoise became more and more fluent in praise of its own beauty.

The two fish, embarrassed, retreated and went away in opposite directions without exchanging any word. They realised how ridiculous it was to boast of oneself, when even the ugly tortoise thought itself to be the most charming creature in the world!



EACH ONE A 'FIRST'

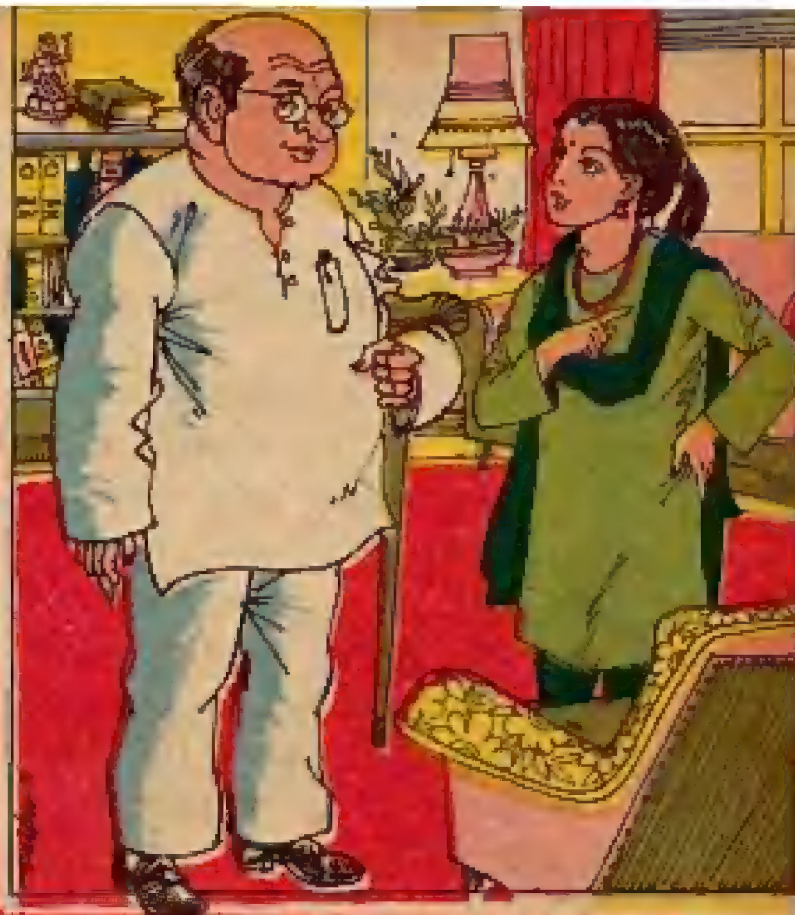
Professor Chowdhury had just retired from the distinguished position he held in a famous university in the West. He was back at his home-town in India. His son and daughter-in-law and their children Reena and Rajesh received him with joy. He had made a name as a psychologist and educationist and his charming behaviour and talks endeared him to all.

"I find Rajesh rather gloomy!" The old professor observed to Reena, in the evening.

"The poor boy was hopeful of standing first in the examination, but he did not," replied Reena.

In the evening, grandpa saw Rajesh walking up and down alone in the balcony. He went near the boy and patting him on the back, said, "Congratulations!"

"What for?" asked Rajesh, a



bit surprised.

"I understand that you devoted great attention to your studies!"

"But to what avail?" Rajesh almost broke down, "Why should you congratulate me?"

"Rajesh, I congratulate you because of your healthy spirit of competition. You must keep up that spirit. You must compete with others with joy and with the thrill of bringing out your best. You have done that."

"But what was the meaning of my studying so hard if I could not stand first?"

"I am asking you almost the same thing. Rajesh, have you

ever seriously thought about the purpose of your going to school? Is it really to stand first that you studied hard?" asked the professor.

"Well ..." Rajesh looked unsure.

"Rajesh, how many students were there in the class?"

"One hundred and twenty, both the sections put together."

"Rajesh, all the hundred and twenty students surely knew that only one among them could stand first! If standing first was the purpose of study, then the purpose should hold good for only one!"

Rajesh grinned

"My dear child," continued the professor, "each one of us is a 'first' in the sense that each

one is unique. The true purpose of education is to discover your true self. If that sounds vague, you must at least agree that the purpose of education is to gather knowledge. No teacher, no philosopher, no educationist has ever said that the purpose of study is to stand first. If you have studied well and have got all the knowledge you were expected to get, you should feel happy. Even if ten had studied equally well, only one will stand first, may be due to favourable chances. Cheer up, my boy, you will triumph on other fronts! I'm here to help you." The old professor extended his hand. Rajesh gave it an enthusiastic shake. He was no longer grinning, but smiling like a rose.





THE SCHOLAR VERSUS THE JESTER

The court of the king of Jainagar was well-known for its scholars. The king patronised them generously and was quite proud of them.

One morning, while the king was in discussion with his courtiers, a stranger of impressive stature entered the court, while weilding a tiny drum.

The king observed that the guard at the entrance tried to stop the stranger, but could not. The king was not happy with this intrusion, but he courteously asked the stranger who he was.

"I am Soma Sharma, popularly called the Mahapandit or the great scholar. I roam places, visit kings and challenge any worthy scholar I meet to debate with me. I am told that there are a number of scholars in your

court. I wish to sound their wisdom," declared the proud stranger.

"You are welcome to debate with our scholars," said the king.

Said the stranger, "But I have a condition. If I am defeated I will throw away my drum and become a slave of the scholar who defeats me, for a full year. But if I defeat your scholars, they must bow down to me, touch my feet, and declare that they accept my supremacy in matters of knowledge."

The king looked at the scholars present in his court. He read in their faces their readiness to accept the challenge.

The debate began. But somehow or the other the stranger managed to snub or silence all the scholars. The king felt sad.



The stranger laughed. "My lord!" he said looking at the king, "Now your court scholars must touch my feet and declare that I'm the scholar supreme!"

The pale king kept quiet. Looking put out, the scholars stood up, fighting their hesitation for touching the stranger's feet.

Suddenly the court-jester stepped forward. "O Mahapandit, I'm no scholar but a lay man. Can I put a couple of questions to you?"

"Welcome!" said the stranger with contempt.

"Two fools, walking together, fell into a drain. One's clothes

got spattered with mud on his back; the other's remained spotless. Who is likely to look for water for washing his clothes?" asked the jester.

"The fellow whose clothes were soiled!" replied the stranger carelessly.

"No, sir. Did I not say that the two were fools? It is likely that the one whose clothes were soiled would look at his companion. Finding that the companion's clothes were unsoiled, he will take it that his too were unsoiled," explained the jester.

The king and the courtiers looked amused. The stranger said nothing.

"Now, to my second question. Two friends were walking by an orchard. A coconut fell into a ditch filled with water. A drop of the waters that splashed up fell on the cheek of one of the friends. Which of the two will like to wash his face?"

Under the influence of the problem discussed earlier, the stranger said, "The friend with the clean cheeks!"

"No, for I never said that these two were fools! They are expected to behave like normal human beings! Besides, one does not feel a stain on one's clothes, but one certainly feels if



something touches one's skin!" said the jester.

Then, going closer to the stranger, he asked in a whisper, "But tell this lay man, if two friends fall into a drain, is it possible that one's clothes would get soiled and other's will remain spotless? How did you not challenge my statement?"

This time the courtiers broke into loud cheers. The stranger stood silent, looking quite humiliated. Then he placed his drum—the symbol of his glory—at the jester's feet.

The king thought that it had been enough of a lesson for the stranger. He declared the debate over!

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





LET US KNOW

Which ones are the longest and the shortest wars in history?

—Suresh Jajodia, Jaipur.

The longest war spread over two centuries, from 1338 to 1453, for 115 years, between England and France, is known as the "Hundred Years War."

The shortest war was fought in 1896 between Britain and Zanzibar. It lasted 38 minutes.



I have come across a reference to a language called Esperanto more than once. What is its speciality?

—B.N. Rao, Machilipatnam.

Esperanto is a language that was devised by Dr. Zamenof, a Polish physician, in 1887. He meant it to be the international language which, if spoken by all, could solve the difficulty of communication among the various linguistic groups. For the most part it was based on Latin and Roman languages, though in much simplified form. It roused great interest at the beginning. Tens of thousands of people became fluent speakers in it, but soon the interest died down.



Who is the author of Subhasitaratnabhandagaram?

— P.M. Gopalakrishnan, Kayaralam.

It is an anthology of Sanskrit proverbs and sayings culled from numerous sources, and not authored by one. The other famous anthologies of this nature are *Samayochita Padyamalika* and *Subhasita Ratnakara*.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Prontal K. Patel



Mr. Dewdas Kaskhkar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for November '82 goes to :

Mr. Muhammed Sajid Sarmadi,
Cariamordi- Curchorem, Goa 403 706.

The Winning Entry: 'Keeping Mum — 'Tuning Fun'

**PICKS FROM
THE WISE**

I am not an Athenian, nor a Greak, but a citizen of the world.
— Socrates

Men have become the tools of their tools.
— Thoreau

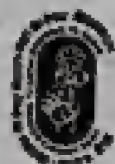
If a man bites a dog, that is news.
— John Bogart

HEADS NO TAILS



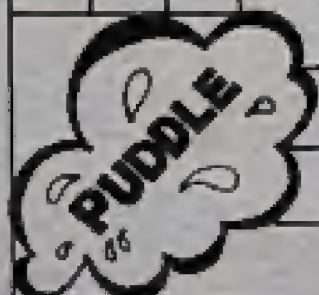
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right—and 3 buttons.
For the rules, see the
accompanying page.



CANARA BANK

(A nationalized bank)

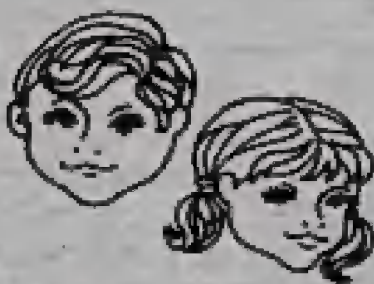


Rules for "Who gets to the Canara Bank counter first?"

1. To start, each player throws the 4 coins in turn. Players move according to the number of heads thrown—one head, one move; two heads, two moves; three heads, three moves; four heads, four moves.
2. When any player gets all 4 heads, he gets another chance to play.
3. The players have to move thrice around the track before entering the lane leading to the counter.
4. Falling into a puddle means the loss of one turn.
5. Getting stuck in a bush means the loss of two turns.
6. Climbing on to a mountain means the gain of one turn.

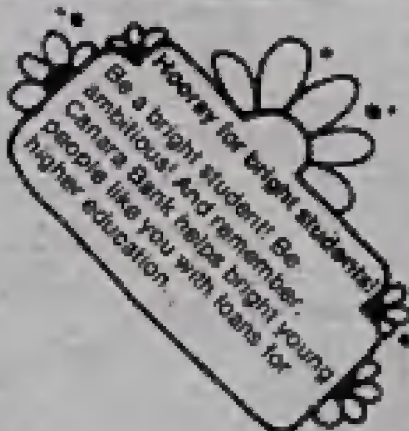
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(A nationalised bank)



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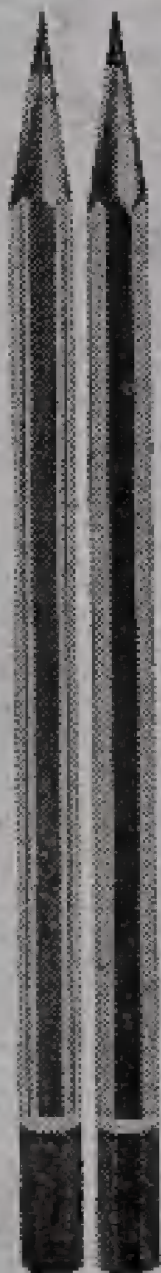
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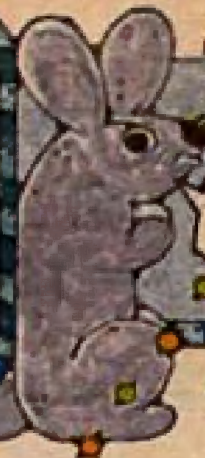
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Bunty, The Magician's Son



THANK
YOU!

There

was once a clever magician called Jadugar. He was the best magician in the whole wide world. He could do all sorts of wonderful things, like make people hang upside down from the ceiling, get animals to talk and even conjure up things from thin air.

Jadugar never shared his secrets with anybody. He wanted only his son Bunty to follow in his footsteps. But that was a big problem. The little fellow was most disinterested. "Daddy, I don't want to learn magic," he said.

Jadugar was very worried. He thought hard. Suddenly he had a superb idea. He



rushed out to the shop and bought a packet of **Ravalgaon Sweets, Toffees & Eclairs**.

The next day he told Bunty he had a surprise for him. But only if he finished his magic lessons. The boy was thrilled. He paid careful attention and actually

enjoyed learning his magic tricks. Jadugar was pleased and happy. He gave Bunty the packet. When the little boy opened it, he jumped up and down in excitement. "Thank you Daddy, I love **Ravalgaon Sweets, Toffees & Eclairs**. They're simply delicious.

Soon Bunty became such a good magician that he began inventing his own tricks. Can you guess what his favourite was? Yes, conjuring up a shower of **Ravalgaon Sweets, Toffees & Eclairs**. A trick that all the children loved. Now, wasn't he a clever little magician?

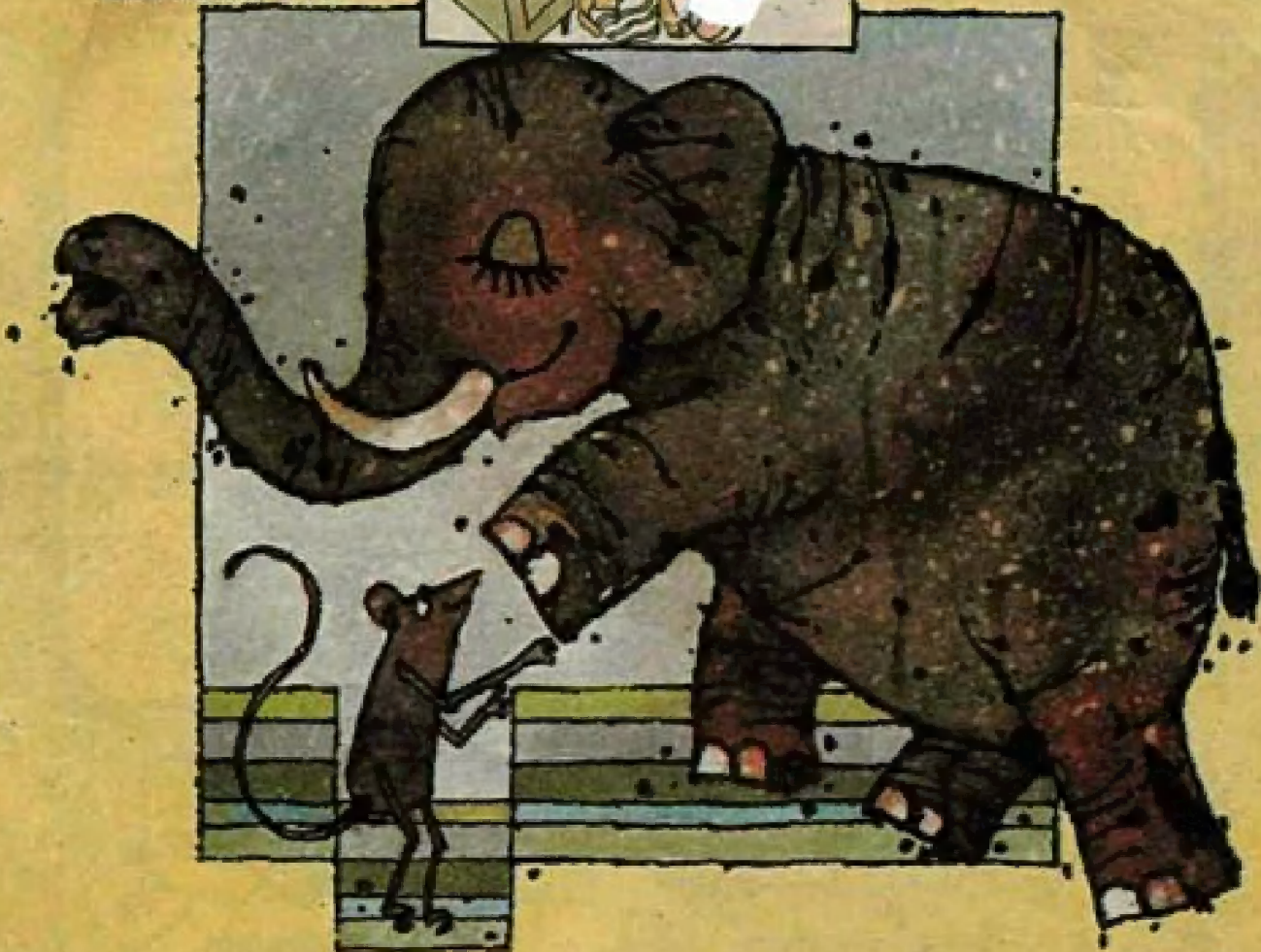


POPPINS TANTRA

Ram and Shyam
have a tale to tell,
Listen kids
and listen well.



PARLE



A mouse to an elephant said,
"What's the difference between me and you?
You're black with a tail and four legs,
It's exactly the same with me too".

The elephant merely laughed in contempt,
"Hey pal, I've found my match in you.
You really are so clever and bright,
Let's shake on that, come on, do".

But seeing the elephant's huge hand,
The mouse to his hole he fled,
For the elephant's goodness and strength
Filled him with horror and dread.

So quality, dear friends, don't you see,
Is really what matters at all.
Fakes give tummy-aches and more
While Poppins above all stand tall.



So just don't let fakes fool you ever,
And you know there are so many around.
Only Poppins have silver-striped covers,
Only Poppins in excellence abound.